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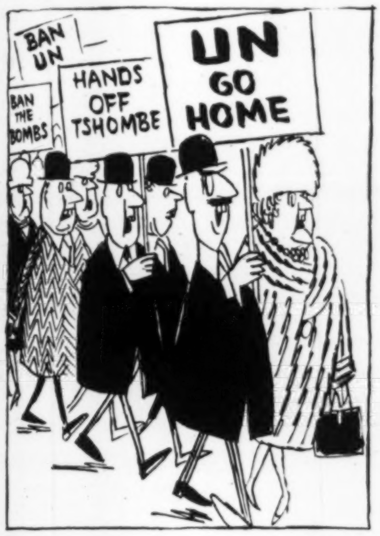

THE KATANGA TORIES
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Bombs for Peace?

Britain against the UN

THE government's formal request for a cease-fire in Katanga, though worded in neutral terms, amounts to a vote of censure on the United Nations. It is plainly designed to bring the UN operations in Elisabethville to a standstill, at a moment when their success seems certain, and thus to jeopardise the whole of the UN's mission in the Congo. As such it represents a radical departure in British foreign policy.

Since Waterloo, British governments have argued that world order can be best maintained through the concert of powers; and since 1918 – with a few disastrous lapses in the Thirties – they have sought to operate this policy through an international authority. It now looks as if this fundamental principle is being repudiated. The government's request, if accepted, will relegate the UN to a mere debating society and, by denying it an executive role in areas of conflict, confide the settlement of disputes to the unrestricted play of power politics.

What has brought about this momentous change? The operations of Sir Roy Welensky and the Katanga Tories, analysed by Anthony Howard overleaf, have certainly contributed to the decision. So, too, has the presence within the government of a group of dedicated enemies of the UN, ranging from that ageing appeaser, Lord Home, to ultra-nationalists like Mr Julian Amery. But other forces are at work. Once the government determined to enter the Common Market, its growing defiance of the principles of the UN was logical and inevitable. For the root of Mr Macmillan's preoccupations is the need to conciliate France. Without a minimum of French cooperation, British membership of the Market on any terms, still less on terms adequate to save its face before the Commonwealth and the Tory Party, is out of the question. And it has been apparent from the start that France will drive the hardest bargain.

Thus Mr Macmillan must make adjustments to satisfy de Gaulle. He has abandoned the role of honest broker between East and West; indeed, faced with de Gaulle's inflexible hostility, his support for Mr Kennedy's policy of negotiating a Berlin settlement is visibly dwindling. In pursuit of the Common Market mirage, Mr Macmillan has now acquiesced in a crisis in Nato – left unresolved by this week's meeting.

More serious is the way in which the government, under French pressure, is assuming an anti-UN posture. Throughout the last decade, the French have never concealed their contempt for any international authority which inhibits them in the unfettered pursuit of their national interests; their repeated defiance of the UN puts them on a par with the Soviet Union and its satellites. If Britain now ranges itself with France, it is doubtful if the UN – sustained by only one of the great powers – can long survive in any effective form.

This may well be in accordance with the strategy of the continental Common Marketers. For France's anti-UN policy is not solely the frustrated reaction of a declining colonial power: it accords with the original concept of a western European power bloc. The architects of Little Europe, conscious of their relative decline in political, military and economic power, and of their inability to sustain traditional colonial systems, saw in union their only hope of maintaining Europe's influence in world affairs, and the continued dominance of its traditional markets. Many of them, indeed, spoke of 'Eurafrica' – an economic entity in which European prosperity would be maintained by the control of cheap raw materials from Africa. Some extremist Common Marketers – notably Sir Oswald Mosley – still explicitly defend this concept. Others are more subtle. But all are beginning to recognise that the UN, now dominated by the 'Have-not' powers, and therefore an opponent not only of political but also of economic colonialism, is an obstacle to the fulfilment of the Little European vision. The struggle for the riches of Katanga is thus a symbol of a broadening conflict in which Britain is increasingly and shamefully involved.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Katanga Tories

ANTHONY HOWARD

'From their reactions', said the Bow Group Tory MP sadly, 'you would have thought that what we were asking them to do was to endorse nationalisation or something like that – not just to give their support to principles which up to now everyone has professed to believe in.' The voice belonged to a disillusioned and shaken man: he was one of the five young Tory members who finally this week screwed up courage to poke their heads over the parapet and put down on the Order Paper a motion giving general support to the UN operation in Katanga. And battle-scarred and shell-shocked though he was (even Mr Christopher Chataway, having once signed his name, later withdrew it), his words perhaps provide the best postscript to what has been one of the epoch-making weeks of British politics.

For it is as well to get clear at the outset that something decisive has occurred. For the second time in 16 years the United Nations is now an incendiary issue in British politics. The Tory Right, after all its false alarms and mad excursions, has at last (it came very near to it at the time of Suez) discovered the issue into which it can sink its teeth. Central Africa, Kenya, even Ghana and its royal visit – those old familiar troopers have always at the end of the day somehow found themselves in impotent solitude. But the triumphal placing of Mr Tshombe on a white charger – and it was, at least for a period, the government that found itself beleaguered and outnumbered. Whatever the end-result of Mr Macmillan's and Lord Home's final 'cease fire' finesse, the lesson is unlikely to be forgotten; blood having been so satisfactorily tasted once is now – this time over money rather than bombs – being greedily savoured again.

How, then, has it all happened? After all, only a week ago the ark was still more or less on the United Nations covenant. Even Lord Salisbury himself, having months ago gaily resigned his presidencies in the Conservative Party, still retained his national vice-presidency of the British United Nations Association (even if the honour had become hollow enough for the noble marquess not to know whom to write to when the moment finally came ten days ago for one of those by now monotonous resignation letters to be sent from Hatfield). Moreover if somebody like Mr Anthony Fell went on the rampage at a city dinner and announced that the United Nations was 'a disgusting organisation' the general feeling was that, though there might perhaps be something to be said for his view in private, he really must stop committing these awful blunders of taste in public. And yet this week neither Mr Fell nor Lord Salisbury has any need to apologise to anyone: they appear to have been a good deal nearer to the collective feeling in the party than was the government when last Friday it first began its agonised juggling with those politically explosive 24 bombs.

And it is worth perhaps pausing for a moment simply to reflect on them. For here the story does get very complex indeed. Somewhere in London is an organisation known as the Crown Agents. Apparently for the past 18 months the Crown Agents office has been the conduit pipe for all orders for British supplies placed by the UN headquarters purchasing department in New York; and it was to the Crown Agents office in the normal way that two months ago the order went for two dozen 1,000 pound bombs – there had been earlier orders before, including one for Ferret scout cars that had gone through without further ado. On this occasion, however, the order got conveniently blocked in the pipeline; and, but for the efforts of the Indian government, it would probably still be there today.

The Indian government's purpose was clear enough for all to see. It was to force the British government to make up its mind and to declare openly whose side it was really on in Katanga. But the best-laid plans can misfire, and this one has certainly blown up in the faces of those who laid it. For, far from assisting the cause of the United Nations, the public revelation of the bomb order ended up by providing the long latent anti-UN forces in the Conservative Party with a cause for which they could have searched for years and never have found for themselves. All, in fact, that the by now notorious Katanga lobby in the Tory Party had to do was to run up the flag, and then to wait for the boys to rally round.

They certainly came running. Even now it is impossible wholly to recover from the sense of shock caused by what the Order Paper revealed this week. Of course one has long known about the 'members for Katanga' – the Biggs-Davisons, the Fells, the Paul Williamses, even perhaps the Captain Kerbys. And possibly one should not have been surprised by the simultaneous but separate revolt of the *Poujadist* lesser businessmen – the Stephen McAddens, the George Draysons and the Geoffrey Hirsts. Throw in a few local councillors and faithful remnants of the Suez Rump for flavouring – and one would still not have been astonished. But Mr Philip Goodhart? Sir Fitzroy Maclean? Even the eminently respectable Mr Charles Doughty from East Surrey? Add to them the white hopes of Tory progress like Lord Balniel and Mr Gilbert Longden (both of whom proudly signed the slightly more temperate original motion headed emotively 'President Tshombe's Appeal') – and it becomes clear that some of us have been nothing these past few months but wide-eyed innocents. Somewhere at the bottom of the garden some very dark things must have been going on in the wood-shed.

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NEXT WEEK

Our Christmas issue next week will be published on Thursday, one day earlier than usual. It will contain Barbara Castle's article on Common Market Immigrants which is unavoidably held over from this week; a retrospect on the Eichmann affair; and Christmas stories by Alan Sillitoe and Philip Callow.

Perhaps only one question really matters. Was there, or was there not, a Trojan horse in the government? Certainly something – even over and above back-bench pressure – is needed to explain the extraordinary political *volte-face* that we have seen this week. Admittedly everything suggests that at that original dramatic late-night meeting of senior ministers one week ago, not even attended by Mr Heath, the government simply panicked. Nevertheless the tactics since employed – extending all the way to the seemingly deliberate attacks on the reputations of individual UN officials – strongly suggest that after the event other voices were listened to, and that they finally carried the day.

There has been a tendency lately in what are usually known as 'government circles' to get very indignant about the statements made by UN officials in Katanga. 'Why', the question has run, 'cannot they simply keep their mouths shut?' The question could be asked nearer home. For there are well-documented accounts of one member of the government having expressed a satisfaction of convenience at the death of Mr Hammarskjold, of another having greeted the news of the UN military reverse in September with the cheerful comment 'that will fix them', and of a third having amused his friends by passing round his own ribald version of a Congo national anthem beginning 'Aux Arbres, Citoyens'. Moreover the very first government announcement was no sooner out of the mouth of a Foreign Office official, than ministerial qualifications started pouring forth all over the place. (One has a particularly treasured memory of Lord Home popping up on television seemingly to contradict everything that only a day earlier had appeared to be decided.) On the evidence there is very little room for doubt that Lord Hinchingbrooke and his colleagues were not without allies in high places – and that some of them could even be people who stood shoulder to shoulder with them in former times.

In fact one of the noteworthy aspects of the present crisis is just how far the shadow of Suez has fallen over it. The bulk of the Conservative Party, having once been driven into a corner by the United Nations, is now seemingly delighted to turn the tables. And it has not been any more fastidious about the methods it is currently employing in attack than it was over those which five years ago it used in its own defence. (Even the disgraceful smear campaign against Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien has its almost exact precedent in the treatment once meted out to Mr Anthony Nutting.) If a decisive week, it has also been a squalid one – and even that roll of honour containing the names of a mere five Conservative MPs may well in the end turn out to have been something ominously like a political war memorial.

XUM

Comments on the Week's News

Labour Party

Putting on the Halter

The 'railroading' of the new, and toughest ever, standing orders through the Parliamentary Labour Party this week is all the more disturbing since immediately after the last general election the party leadership did seem at last to have realised the damaging impact that such restrictionist and anti-libertarian measures must necessarily make on the public mind. Now, however, Mr Gaitskell has reverted to the very practices that only two years ago he was urging Labour local authorities to give up. And the Parliamentary Labour Party finds itself subject to an even harsher discipline than that which existed at the height of the Morrison era. A literal reading of the new standing orders suggests, in fact, that before long there may not be very much difference between the disciplinary arrangements existing at Westminster and those already lamentably prevailing across the bridge at County Hall. And it is perhaps worth remembering that the LCC has always provided one of the worst advertisements for the seamy side of Labour politics.

It is especially hard to understand what can have prompted Mr Gaitskell to introduce his new – virtually military – manual of political behaviour at the present moment. For the past few weeks the opposition has been functioning with a new-found effectiveness at Westminster. Now, at one blow, instead of cashing in on unity, the party has been plunged again into division.

Naturally, any political organisation is entitled to expect loyalty from its members. The only argument is over how it is best procured. If there is a lesson in Labour politics to be learned from the past ten years of defeat, it is surely that the path of formal codes and penalties is the way to the tomb. One day Mr Gaitskell and Mr Brown might even take a glance across the floor of the House – and wonder whether the fact that the Conservatives are now clearly the more libertarian of the two parties can have had *anything* to do with their continued electoral success.

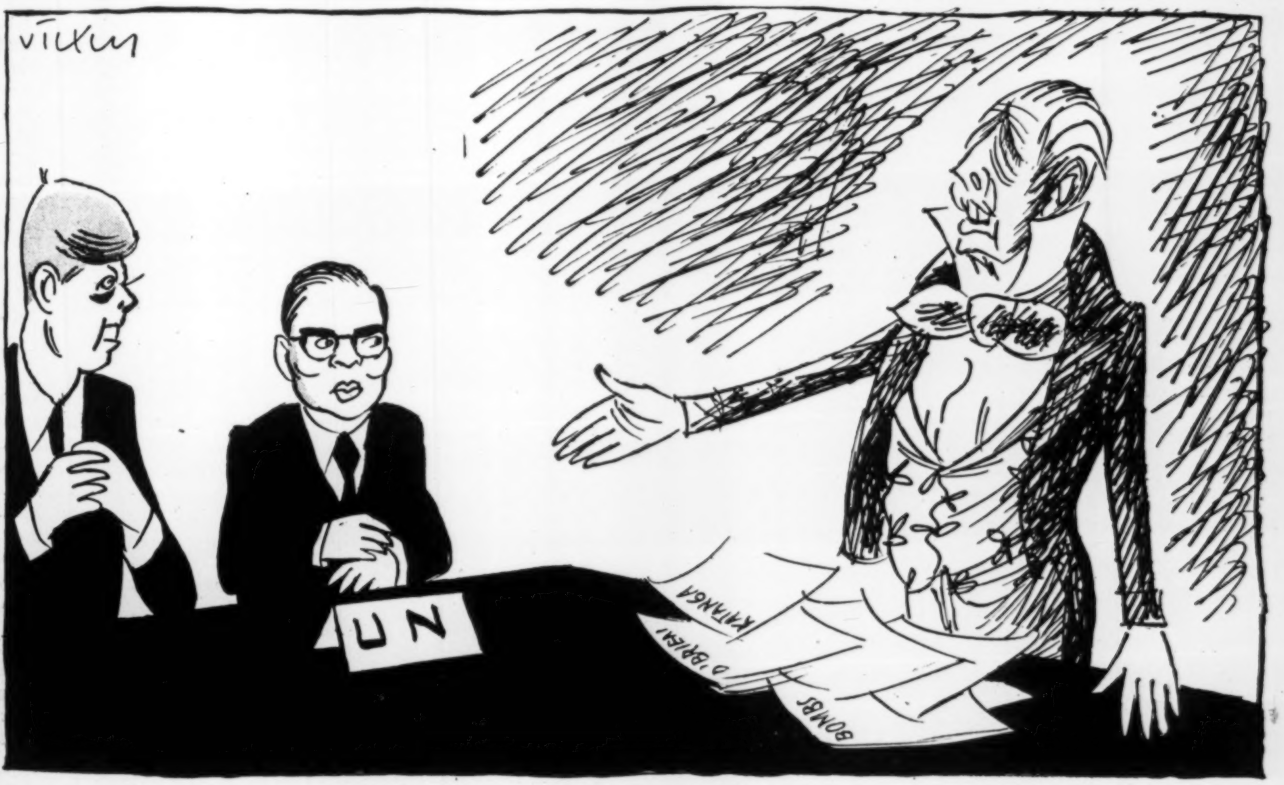
Ghana

Back Where We Started

The Ghana government's long-awaited White Paper on the alleged conspiracy against President Nkrumah is a sad disappointment to most of Ghana's friends in this country. Ghanaian spokesmen have for many weeks been answering those on the British left who have criticised the political arrests with the claim that all would be justified if only we would wait for the White Paper. But now it is here, all is not justified. Allegations are freely, and in some cases circumstantially, made of a violent conspiracy against the state. Some 'evidence' is published which purports to support the existence of this conspiracy. But the evidence of the taking of oaths to assassinate President Nkrumah and some of his leading ministers is not – 'in the public interest' – to be disclosed for the time being. The fragments of evidence that are disclosed are virtually meaningless in isolation and, without any legal process against the accused, cannot be tested as to their relevance or veracity.

So we are back where we started: some scores of Ghanaians who have opposed President Nkrumah's government are in prison – indefinitely and without trial. Why? Because the government alleges – but is not prepared to put to the test of public proof – that the opposition of these men amounted to treasonable activity against the state. British criticism of this general proposition must be advanced with caution. Non-British methods are certainly being used, but they are being used in a non-British situation. Nevertheless it would be a denial of the friendly feeling which most of the British left has felt towards President Nkrumah to conceal the fact that the White Paper is far from reassuring. Did this comparative handful of conspirators command so much mass backing that they really constituted a menace to Nkrumah's unusually authoritarian state apparatus? If not, why should they not be subject to the ordinary process of law? If they did, can such widespread discontent against an elected government in a nominal democracy really be equated with a criminal conspiracy against the state? There seems no reason whatever, for instance, why Mr Victor Yaw de Grant Brempong, a key figure in the conspiracy, who is charged with at least one specific criminal offence involving identifiable witnesses, should not be brought to trial in the ordinary way.

For the most part the White Paper is a re-hash of well-known political arguments. It contains predictable (but not necessarily false) allegations of foreign intervention, an unwarranted and completely unsubstantiated attack on General Alexander and the British



'I am not sorry,' said Mr Pecksniff in resumption of his address, 'I am really not sorry that this little incident has happened. It is good to feel that we are met here without disguise. It is good to know that we have no reserve before each other, but are appearing freely in our own characters.'

– DICKENS: MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

personnel seconded to the Ghanaian forces, and the customary complaints (which are not all without justification) of unfair treatment by the British press. In this context the NEW STATESMAN is accused of the 'absolutely and completely false' allegation that Ghana's spendthrift and corrupt economy – prior to this year's integrated economic plan – had 'led to a massive accumulation of internal and external debt'. It is now clear that this was an overstatement, which we regret: it would have been accurate – and equally consonant with our argument – to say that the earlier policies were squandering the country's reserves at a rate which would rapidly have led to massive debt, had not Nkrumah's new plan checked the trend.

In Ghana itself, our Correspondent tells us, few responsible people believe the whole government case, but there is general acceptance that Nkrumah had to justify his strong action. In any case, attacks on foreign neo-colonialists are always popular, though it is still widely recognised that foreign firms who will work with the government are welcome. Few Ghanaians worry about the abstractions of the rule of law and it is commonly believed that the political detainees are being reasonably well treated. The ultimate verdict of the people will probably depend not on what happens to individual detainees, but on whether the government's new policy of economic austerity is applied firmly and justly and whether it leads to economic progress for the mass of the people. The fact is Ghana no longer pays attention to public reactions in Britain or Europe, and Nkrumah, who is always provoked by criticism, now seems to be appealing only to an African audience.

Tanganyika

Beacon on Kilimanjaro

JOHN HATCH *writes from Dar-es-Salaam*: Julius Nyerere has done more than lead Tanganyika to peaceful independence. His achievement has helped accelerate Kenya's progress to self-government and given hope to the Africans of Nyasaland and the Rhodesias. More, he has made his multi-racial country the first in Africa to achieve non-racial independence. While the establishment of Ghana, Nigeria and Sierra Leone has proved that Africans can run the machinery of modern government, their experience is largely irrelevant to the problems of multi-racial Africa. It is Tanganyika's role to show that full democracy can offer protection to minorities, can associate people of all races in government and build a national loyalty that transcends colour differences.

Nyerere's policy of 'non-racialism' contrasts sharply with the Lennox-Boyd doctrine of 'multi-racialism', which asserts that in a society with several races each minority has a right to representation as a group and by its own people. (The Rhodesian variant is known as 'partnership', which means that the white minority should continue to rule indefinitely.) It has, of course, been easier for Nyerere to take this line because the small European community never had much pretension to power, the larger Asian minority recognised at an early stage that integration was in its interests and all communities have had able leaders who showed tolerance and common sense. Nevertheless, Tanganyika has shown what can be done.

It will be interesting to watch the consequences. At present West Africa is setting the pace politically for African nationalism, and Nyerere has so far kept himself apart from both the Monrovia and Casablanca blocs. Yet he cannot continue to sustain this isolation. It is significant that he made a decisive intervention at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference, threatening to leave if South Africa remained. His main interest has been in laying the foundations of an East African federation, which can be formed once the divisive struggles in Uganda and Kenya are settled. This federation would also offer a home to Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, and its long-run implications for the Africans of Southern Rhodesia and South Africa are now becoming clear. But success in this endeavour will be possible only if Tanganyika receives the help it needs: its average income per head is now £15 a year.

Delhi

Crisis Week-end?

A Special Correspondent in New Delhi writes: The Portuguese decision to evacuate European women and children from Goa suggests that, at least in Portuguese eyes, the tense situation between India and Goa may this week-end be approaching some sort of crisis point. As far as Indian opinion is concerned, there is a marked difference between the impatience of many professional politicians and the comparative unawareness on the part of the general public. Early last week, hundreds of thousands stranded at railway stations, or returning home disappointed because trains by which they were to have travelled had been cancelled without notice, were the first to feel that something unusual was afoot. A large majority accepted the situation more or less placidly; a good few were indignant; railway officials could offer them no satisfying explanation. Later, when people saw that the trains from which they had been kept out were moving, packed with troops, towards the west coast, word went round that the inconvenience and dislocation caused on such a massive scale was related to the Goa problem. To many thousands of Indians that was the first intimate personal experience of the problem. The official announcement of the troop movements to strengthen the Goa border in response to the Portuguese military build-up came later.

The initial sense of resentment felt by railway passengers lit up one aspect of the varying and often opposing emotional and other pressures building up round the Goa issue. Opposition parties generally have been impatient and have accused the government of tardiness and vacillation; and then they have also accused the government of choosing this moment to act because of the electoral advantage that could be extracted from it. The Swatantra Party spokesman in the Lok Sabha (Lower House) referred to this charge in particular, but attacked the government on what he suggested was a more important ground. To strengthen the Goa border, he said, must necessarily mean weakening other borders, especially the Himalayan border. He did not appear to recognise the contradiction between the two lines of criticism. If electoral expectations determined the choice of frontiers, then obviously action on the Himalayan frontier would be more rewarding to the ruling party, specially to the Defence Minister, who it was suggested would be 'the main electoral beneficiary'.

Neither Mr Nehru nor Mr Krishna Menon adopted this argument; they gave more or less severely factual replies. Mr Nehru said there was no weakening of other frontiers, no withdrawal of effective forces or equipment; in any case, to balance Goa with China was extraordinary; there could be 'no priorities between a mouse and an elephant'. There was, however, a flash of the Nehru temper at the jibe about electoral considerations. Despite long experience of the political game he is constantly surprised and pained at opponents who attribute political subterfuge to him as much as at supporters who ask him to play the political game as they think it should be played. In this case he was moved to declare that it would be a crime for anyone to play with the life and happiness of millions for the sake of some paltry electoral gain.

Those in parliament who favour strong measures against the Portuguese do not seem to have calculated the cost. Radio Goa recently threatened to bomb Indian cities if Indian forces continued to be massed on the border. That this threat has to be seriously taken is indicated by Mr Menon who has said that the Indian Air Force has been alerted. The full import of this challenge and response has apparently not been understood by opposition members, who have expressed disappointment and bewilderment at the operative parts of Mr Nehru's and Mr Menon's statements. Both have made it clear that India is not marching a liberation army into Goa; the troop movements are aimed at securing India's defence rather than at any 'push-over operation'; when and where India would act has to be decided later.

The opposition does not also appear to have realised that their disappointment and bewilderment is likely to be shared outside India, specially in Africa. Two months ago, at the Delhi seminar on Portuguese colonies, Indian opinion discovered that the Goa problem had an African dimension; that African leaders were waiting with a degree of impatience for India to assume the responsibility of leadership by freeing Goa. That responsibility according to them, is all the greater precisely because Goa is a small problem, which would not strain Indian resources, and because liberation of Goa would be the start of general movement towards the liberation of Portuguese Africa. To Mr Nehru, with his sensitiveness to African opinion, this has a special appeal; and it adds to the forces that press upon him to act precipitately.

Albania

Can Hoxha Hold Out?

The formal rupture of Soviet relations with Albania – accompanied by the closing of the air service to Tirana – means that the Hoxha regime has been quarantined by Moscow: expulsion from the Warsaw Pact may follow. The only friends that Hoxha now has left in the Communist camp are his admirers in Peking (who have been using him as their ideological stalking-horse in the dispute with Krushchev) and their satraps in North Korea and North Vietnam.

The question is whether they can give him much help. Soviet economic and military assistance has been cut down steadily since Krushchev visited Tirana in 1959; the large establishment at the Valona naval base was withdrawn; and Soviet grain shipments – according to Hoxha – were barely enough to avert a disastrous famine last winter. The other eastern European countries have also been scaling down their economic relations with Albania as the row developed. Naturally, the Chinese offered aid: Chinese technicians and some food supplies have been sent this year, but the logistics of Chinese aid (never easy) have been made immensely more difficult now the Russians have blocked transit across the Soviet Union.

Food is Hoxha's immediate concern. The harvest has been poor, there are no stocks left from last year and China cannot send much or send it quickly. This, no doubt, has been one motive behind the signature of a trade agreement with Italy. Since, for nationalist as well as political reasons, Hoxha can turn neither to his Greek nor Yugoslav neighbours, the only gap in the blockade is the Adriatic. Across the water from Durazzo, moreover, his agents are engaged in a series of furtive contacts with various emissaries from the west – at a time when he publicly accuses Krushchev of flirting with 'millionaires, princes and imperialists'.

These contacts are not so far-fetched as it might seem. Hoxha has already switched Albania from Yugoslav to Russian and then to Chinese patronage since the war. But if he switches again, in an effort to preserve the semi-dynastic rule of the Tosk clique he leads, his usefulness to Peking will be at an end. The ideological confrontation of Moscow and Peking will then be direct; neither side would any longer be able to pretend that their argument is merely a debate about the ideological respectability of Albania.

Moscow

Sword of Damocles

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Russians rarely use foreign phrases in their exact original sense; something usually gets twisted in the borrowing. The thermo-nuclear bomb of '50, 100 or more megatons' which Krushchev compared to the Sword of Damocles is not, as the dictionary puts it, a symbol of 'imminent danger in the midst of prosperity'. It is a warning to those who come to the table – not to feast but to negotiate – that the Soviet Union cannot be made to retreat from its position by intimidation. To some of the western European delegates to the World Federation of Trade Unions Krushchev's argument sounded familiar: western advocates of the great deterrent claim that the possession of atomic nuclear weapons will enable capitalist civilisation to develop and spread its beneficial effect by the force of example.

Two things Krushchev made quite clear. First, the super-bomb is not a defensive weapon to blow the enemy's missiles out of the sky and the ocean: it is an offensive weapon – not a shield but a 'sword'. It would, Krushchev said, be used remorselessly if the Socialist camp is attacked. The other point he made was that the Soviet Union would have been at a military disadvantage had it not conducted its latest series of tests and it would therefore have had to yield to western pressure. Does this mean that the Russians could not have struck back effectively at the United States in the event of being the victim of a surprise attack, and that they knew the Americans knew it? If so, it must have made sense to Krushchev to fill the gap immediately, before the West took advantage of its superiority by blocking all Russian attempts to change the situation in Berlin. The trouble with this argument is that no Russian and very few foreign observers here accept the postulate that the Soviet Union ever was at a disadvantage, except possibly in anti-nuclear defences.

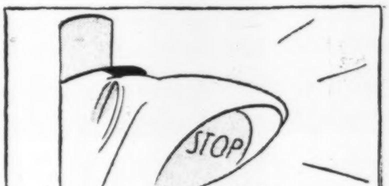
Whatever the motives when Krushchev told the WFTU delegates last week that the super-bomb was the surest guarantee of peace, he was adding a telling stroke to the general picture of Soviet strength. During the WFTU congress the Russian spokesmen have been extolling their country's progress to Communism. At the same time they have been insisting that the 'struggle for peace' must take priority over the struggle against colonialism, and that the policy of peaceful co-existence must not be compromised by dogmatic 'adventurist' anti-imperialism. The Chinese have been working hard to win friends among the left wing of the trade union movements in Africa and Latin America. Krushchev may have had this in mind when he assured delegates that Soviet Communism plus 100 megatons equals world peace and progress.

Rome

Togliatti in Trouble

BRUCE RENTON *writes*: The western Communist leader to suffer most from the 22nd Congress is Togliatti. Both in the international and the internal field, Togliatti is at the moment on trial. He was the first to see which way the Moscow wind would blow after the death of Stalin. But it is doubtful now whether he will be able to escape the responsibilities of his past collaboration with Stalin, and, in particular, from his record in the Comintern during a period when a number of Italian Communists in Russia, and the bulk of the Polish Communist leaders were executed.

The first attack on Togliatti came from Gomulka, who doubted the validity of Togliatti's theory of 'polycentrism'. This has now been backed up by Thorez, who asks: since the Cominform no longer exists, and every party is autonomous, why does Togliatti insist on setting up various 'centres' of Communism, unless it is to sacrifice the broader principles of Communism to the theory of the national roads to Socialism?



What is behind these attacks on Togliatti, which virtually accuse him of being a traitor to Marxism-Leninism, condemn the whole Italian CP as revisionist, and threaten to push it into the arms of the Yugoslavs? (Relations between the Italian and Yugoslav Communists have in fact never been so good.)

Many sectors of the Italian CP are demanding a special congress, and the resignation of Togliatti. Communist leaders in Bologna have asked for publication of the complete proceedings of the 22nd Congress. Signor Amendola is the leading Communist behind this impatient rush to break with the past. He wants to create a completely new type of Communist party. Meanwhile Trotskyism is rearing its head. Thorez has anticipated the Russians by rehabilitating him as a person (i.e. Trotsky was not an 'imperialist agent') but still condemns his ideology. Pajetta has done the same for the Italian CP. Thorez has nevertheless attacked the Italian Communist youth movement for its over-hasty re-habilitation of Trotskyism.

Fleet Street

The Congo Roundabout

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Even Fleet Street, used as it is to switching from one lead to another in its own business, has been rocked on its heels by the shifts, changes and evasions of government policy on bombs for the UN in the Congo. 'Dither – or Double-cross?' shrieked the *Mirror's* leading article on Tuesday. Even the *Telegraph* – which welcomed the reversal of policy – declared that the government had been in 'the tightest corner seen in the House since Suez' and described the 'atmosphere of doubt and distress on the government benches behind Mr Heath' after Mr Gaitskell's closing question to that unhappy carrier of the governmental can. 'This,' said the *Guardian*, 'is an astonishing reversal of the government's earlier decision, but it fits in all too well with the past British undermining and hindrance of UN operations in the Congo.' Coldly analysing the excuses 'patched together at the last minute under the pressure of Sir Roy Welensky's blast and the threatened revolt of a few Conservatives', it concluded harshly: 'It is a squalid business.' As for *The Times*, it was apparently stunned into silence on Tuesday. Not surprisingly, for on the Saturday, after some manifest hesitations, it had gone to the government's defence against its extreme right-wing critics, declaring that, although the reluctance to send bombs to the Congo was understandable, 'had the government refused to supply the bombs, they would have drawn to Britain still further opprobrium from fellow members of the UN who accuse her, unjustly, of supporting Katanga's secession'.

Conservative leader writers as a whole have been working overtime. The *Telegraph*, which on Tuesday supported the change of mind and announced its gratitude for 'small mercies', had declared bluntly on the Saturday: 'It is difficult to deny that the government seems to have got itself into rather a muddle over Katanga. It is widely suspected of supporting Mr Tshombe, if not of supplying him with men and arms, then of allowing men and arms to reach him. It is most obviously supporting the United Nations.' Lord Home, it added tartly on that day, 'fears that the Katanga operation might go on for years: to support both sides at once is to ensure it will do so.' It has not yet replied to the *Observer's* charges on Sunday that it has been guilty of 'a stream of misrepresentation' about the true position in the Congo and of 'sheer dishonesty' in presenting the rest of the Congo as 'a desert of anarchy and bloodshed' and Katanga as, to use the *Telegraph's* own words, 'an oasis of law and order, of inter-racial co-operation, sanity and prosperity', while ignoring the tribal massacres in north Katanga and the political murder of Mr Lumumba. No doubt with the government in the state it is, the *Telegraph* thinks it safer not to try to reply.

The *Mail* – once, if that is possible, even further to the right than the *Telegraph* but under its present editor (who sometimes seems to be engaged on an internal tug-of-war with his leader writer) cautiously moving to a more liberal position – found itself doing a double shuffle. On Monday, while saying that the British people must naturally feel deeply concerned that 24 bombs bearing their name were to be supplied to the Canberras of the Indian Air Force, it concluded that 'as a loyal member of the United Nations Britain's duty in Katanga is plain, provided the UN operation there is purely defensive.' What had been plain on Monday was no longer so on Tuesday. 'Such is the mess and muddle,' it said, 'that we are certain the government are right to postpone the dispatch of these 24 bombs until they know what is going on.'

Only the Beaverbrook Press permitted itself jubilation untouched by doubt. And why not: it had won all along the line. To Lord Beaverbrook it is the United Nations itself that is the enemy. In the holy war against it all weapons are permissible: emotion not argument the master strategy. 'For all we know,' had shrieked the *Sunday Express*, 'these British bombs may soon be crashing down on hospitals and British missionaries. No wonder the Tory rebels are in uproar. The only surprise is that there should be a single Tory MP who is prepared to support a decision which is both weak and wicked.' On Tuesday therefore it had no doubt about its message: 'Mr Macmillan,' it proclaimed, 'you have done a good deed this day. You have refused to countenance the slaughter of men, women and children in Katanga by the United Nations', and its front page announced triumphantly and without any of that equivocation which some others felt necessary: 'Tory MPs' Revolt Stops The Bombs.'

From the other side the *Herald* shared the *Express's* judgment of the cause of the government's change of mind. 'Sir Roy Welensky,' it commented, 'will be delighted to know that his voice, which condemned the proposal, has not lost its old magic power to reduce the British Cabinet to a quivering jelly. The Tory back-benchers who are Sir Roy's spiritual partners are cock-a-hoop.'

The Phoney Fourth Service

This week the Independent Television Authority has published a booklet entitled *Educational Television: Some Suggestions for a Fourth Service*. What could be better for the nation, or more calculated to appeal to enlightened opinion, than a 'university of the air'? Unfortunately the proposal is not so altruistic as it appears. It is, in fact, part of the continuing campaign of the commercial TV lobby, whose early operations were trenchantly exposed in this journal in May and June by Professor H. H. Wilson of Princeton University.

When the TV pressure group first set to work the catchwords were 'freedom' and 'anti-monopoly': now 'education' is the slogan. It is significant that on 30 November a letter appeared in *The Times* announcing the establishment of an 'Institute for Educational Television'. The address given for this Institute is 5 Carlos Place, W1. This is the same address as that given for the Independent Broadcasting Group, whose recent pamphlet *Sound Sense* was a plea for commercial radio. It is also the address of a public relations firm called 'CS Services Ltd', which is apparently handling inquiries about the new Institute. It also handles several commercial broadcasting accounts, including that of Pye, whose chairman, Mr C. O. Stanley, has been one of the most active and influential figures in the commercial TV and radio lobbies.

The aims of the new Institute are seemingly laudable. It is to sponsor research on educational television. This, no doubt, was enough to impress such eminent persons as Lady Albemarle and Earl Attlee to add their names to the letter appealing for funds. The other signatures were those of the Earl of Bessborough, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, Sir John Wolfenden, Mr David Hardman, Sir Ronald Gould and Lord Shepherd. Lord Bessborough has been intimately associated with the commercial TV lobby at least since 1953; he is a director of ATV, of the Independent Television Corporation (USA) and the Musak Corporation (UK). Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick is the salaried chairman of ITA. Sir John Wolfenden is at present chairman of ITA's Children's Advisory Committee. Mr David Hardman, a former Labour MP, was one of the 'personalities' whose articles were circulated by the Popular Television Association when the lobby was still fighting for commercial TV. Sir Ronald Gould, general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, is also a member of the ITA Children's Advisory Committee.

This is an eminently respectable but not wholly disinterested group of sponsors for an Institute whose proposed activities Dr Baron, of the Institute of Education, described in another letter to *The Times* as 'misguided and also extremely wasteful'. Dr Baron pointed out that well-established educational research agencies were unable to work effectively for lack of funds, and that the sponsors of the new Institute would be better advised to seek funds from the profitable TV industry to help the existing agencies to study educational TV in association with other educational problems.

Indeed, a first question for serious research is whether special educational TV programmes are in fact required and what form they should take. The ITA pamphlet simply takes it for granted that they are a good thing, and rests much of its case on a misleading comparison with the United States. But such programmes can take two forms. The first is the 'background' or 'enrichment' programme: this type is already provided by the contractors in order to comply with the Television Act's demand that programmes should have a 'proper balance'; and a good deal of the material aimed at schools and young people falls into this category. The second type is the 'classroom' programme, or televised lesson. It is far from certain that this is a good way of teaching. If it proves to be useful, it could in fact be provided more cheaply and more flexibly by wire relay systems rather than by a national service. But it would be better to provide more living teachers in the schools. Would it not be more sensible to do something about teachers' salaries than set up a costly TV network as a substitute for teachers? In any case, who is to pay for the new system? ITA is silent on this point.

Why should the commercial TV lobby now suddenly display so much interest in this specialised aspect of education? The words 'Fourth Service' in the ITA booklet provide the clue to the problem which requires a technical explanation.

The Pilkington Committee is generally expected to propose that the present TV services, which are on the 405-line system in the Very High Frequency bands, should be duplicated by transmissions on the 625-line system in the Ultra High Frequency band. This would facilitate the inevitable switch-over to the higher-definition system which would bring Britain into line with Europe's technical standards. But there is room for only four services in the UHF range: if present programmes are duplicated on two of them, only two remain. Were one of these then devoted to a 'fourth service' (educational), only one other would be available. This channel, both Sir Robert Fraser, director-general of ITA, and some of the programme contractors have suggested, should be assigned to private companies to permit more 'competition'.

The BBC, on the other hand, has proposed that it should have one of the new channels and the other should go to the ITA. This proposal, however, does not appeal to the commercial interests or to the ITA, which seems increasingly to be acting as their champion. For if the BBC were running two programmes, it would be free to cater both for the mass audience and the discriminating viewer – a 'Light' and a 'Home' service. In that case the BBC audience would probably remain at its present level, which is about 40 per cent of the viewing population, or might even increase. The two commercial channels would have to divide the remaining 60 per cent between them.

Here is the point where educational TV could come to the aid of the commercial contractors. The 'Fourth Service' audience would be small – perhaps only one or two per cent. The BBC would still be confined to one channel, and so compelled to cater for all tastes as it does at present. But there would be two commercial channels. Thus the man who now watches a BBC programme because it is the only alternative to what commercial television offers at a particular moment would have a second commercial programme to which he could turn. On Australian experience, where one public and two commercial channels are normal, it would seem possible that, in those circumstances, the BBC figure would fall to an average of 20 or even 15 per cent of the whole.

In that situation, each commercial network could reasonably hope for an average of 40 per cent of the viewing public. If 'competition' led, as the lobbyists argue, to an initial cut in the advertising charges, such ratings would soon permit the contractors to jack them up again, while the overall standard of the programmes would undoubtedly fall.

Thus the motive for the high-sounding idealism of the 'Fourth Service' seems to be exactly the same as that which animated the original campaign for TV 'freedom' or the current enthusiasm for local (but commercial) radio: to expose as much of the public as possible to the blandishments of the huckster. Its purpose, which even some of its sponsors may not appreciate, is to ensure that one of the potentially available channels is kept out of the hands either of the BBC or of other commercial competitors. 'Education' is a respectable way to camouflage the private purposes of the pressure group.

Outlook for CND

KINGSLEY MARTIN

To dismiss last week-end's sit-down demonstrations as a flop is as meaningless as to acclaim them a success. These 5,000 or so young people were protesting against the folly and wickedness of nuclear warfare. They were not much concerned whether or not they entered the base at Wethersfield. The use of the Official Secrets Act by the police appears to have been a weapon of intimidation rather than a serious charge. (Anyone entering the base by invitation or on legitimate business could have drawn a map marking the forbidden area where, presumably, bombs are kept.) The number of those who felt keenly enough to spend Saturday afternoon sitting in the wet, incurring fines, accepting stiff prison sentences and jeopardising their careers, was much smaller than was expected. But such considerations are hardly relevant. Neither the official methods of dealing with the demonstrations nor the gallantry and self-sacrifice of the demonstrators provides an answer to the question whether this form of protest does anything to loosen the log jam into which the world's political leaders have led us.

The Committee of 100 is an offshoot of the CND, of which I was a founder member in 1957. It may be useful in taking stock today to recall our objects. Some members were pacifists who held that war is always and everywhere wrong. Those who took a less absolute view agreed in refusing to condone the indiscriminate wickedness of nuclear massacre. Other points on which we were all agreed were the following. First, peace is now precariously maintained by a balance of terror between the US and the USSR. Great Britain, as a third nuclear power, might exercise influence on the vital disarmament talks by declaring her own intention of becoming non-nuclear. Every unilateralist is first and foremost a multilateralist. He differs from others who work for disarmament in believing that someone must break the deadlock. As long as the powers attempt to bargain on the assumption that they are making a sacrifice by giving up their weapons, no disarmament takes place. Experience of past conferences on this point is conclusive.

Secondly, we held that Britain had a unique opportunity of preventing the spread of nuclear arms to other countries which would soon be technically capable of making them. The French, for instance, were not at that time a nuclear power. Ministers admitted, in private, that if they decided to manufacture

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H-bombs it would be because prestige forbade France to lack weapons that Britain possessed. This point is still valid, though much weakened by the French decision to join the suicide club. A third consideration was that if war actually came, Britain, as the most vulnerable nuclear power, carrying advance American nuclear bases, must be immediately destroyed. This appeared to be a waste of Britain.

The CND hoped that the Labour Party, which then looked like being in power before long, might be persuaded to adopt an anti-nuclear policy. A. J. P. Taylor, one of the most effective missionaries of the campaign, suggested a parallel with the Free Trade movement of the 1840's. It would take several years to convert enough of the rank and file to overcome the resistance of Labour Party leaders. The Labour defeat at the polls in 1959, therefore, did not discourage us, and we were naturally elated by the quick response, in every part of the country, the impressive size of the Aldermaston marches and finally the anti-nuclear victory at the Labour Party conference at Scarborough in 1960.

So far the CND was entirely a legal movement relying on political action. Until 1960, opinion was agreed that the main object was to convert the Labour leadership to a non-nuclear policy. I recall Bertrand Russell's emphatic agreement when I said that our principal job was to convert Mr Gaitskell. At Scarborough it seemed as if the party was committed to a non-nuclear objective. We were not foolish enough to imagine that all our ideas would be accepted. We did not believe that any British government could suddenly become pacifist, break with Nato at a blow, or immediately throw out the American bases. The first step was to rid Britain of its own nuclear deterrent, which the Conservative government itself admitted it could no longer afford. We hoped that the Labour Party would accept the need for a complete overhaul of British foreign policy on a non-nuclear basis. Mr Gaitskell refused to compromise.

At the time of the Scarborough conference, the Committee of 100 was formed, with the support of many members of CND who found the political tactics of its Committee were too slow. This was arguable enough; but, for some reason that I have never been able to fathom, Lord Russell disappointed many of his lifelong admirers and supporters by making a quarrel out of this difference of opinion. This personal issue, of which the press has naturally made the most, has never seemed to me anything but an irrelevant nuisance. The question was whether mass civil disobedience would strengthen or weaken the movement. The shock tactics of the Committee of 100 naturally appealed to a large number of young people who had become increasingly indifferent to all political parties. To the CND it was a matter of urgent concern not to quarrel with the Labour Party, but, on the contrary, to act as a pressure group within it. Suggestions that the CND should support candidates of its own were always refused by the Executive Committee. It remains a mystery to me that the leaders of a party, which must by its nature be a federation of different groups, should be indifferent to the support of a large number of active and idealistic young people who could be the nucleus of future strength. Mr Gaitskell is hailed as the unifier of the party; but as recent by-elections suggest, he has unified it by shedding those who disagree with him. One of the tests of leadership is the capacity to hold your forces together. Mr Gaitskell may well prove to be the leader of a party as superbly unified and ineffective as Guy Mollet's in France.

In view of official Labour's hostility, many active young members of the CND, who were already complaining that its progress was too slow, readily responded to the spectacular tactics of the Committee of 100. Broadly its members fell into three categories. First it includes many CND members who have been converted to civil disobedience. A large proportion of them are still members of the Labour Party. Secondly, there is a sizeable body of non-political enthusiasts who are inspired with a horror of nuclear war but not at all clear where they are going. (Some of them are attracted to the Liberal Party.) But the dangerous truth is – and it had better be stated – that such people might fall a prey to any well-conceived propaganda. Thirdly, there is a small group, prominent amongst the leaders, who are avowedly 'anarchists', in the sense that they believe all politics are hopelessly corrupt and futile, and that in this apocalyptic age the only hope is to end what they regard as a pretence of democracy. They are ready to challenge existing governments by any non-violent means. Philosophically, they stand at the opposite pole from the Communists, who are a negligible fraction.

Some of this anarchist group seriously argue that if the 1,300 arrests in Trafalgar Square and the 850 arrested last week-end can be increased to 30,000 or 50,000 in future week-ends, the government of Britain could not imprison them all and would have to throw up the sponge. What exactly is to happen then is not clear. To most of us such an attitude appears a sad example of 'infantile leftism' – which is the quickest route to Fascism. This, however, is unlikely to be the upshot, since the mass of sitters will have turned their attention to other methods long before England is confronted with any such breakdown of government. The kingdom of England is no more likely to be taken by storm than the kingdom of God. Supporters of the Committee of 100 may begin to wonder whether they have achieved anything except publicity. Have they prematurely abandoned more normal methods of propaganda?

It would be absurd at this stage to make prophecies or to offer detailed suggestions about future policy. I would only hazard the suggestion that the time has come for active members of the CND and disillusioned members of the Committee of 100 to rebuild an alliance with sympathisers in the Labour Party, some of whom are still in positions of influence. If such a new group had a constructive foreign policy to advance it might transform British politics. It would not be sensible for such militants to start a new party in the constituencies, but Liberal and Labour candidates would have to pay attention to the demands of such an organised movement. It is an error to imagine, because Gaitskell won a spectacular victory at Blackpool, that the number of nuclear disarmers who are in fact intermingled with the left wing of the party and trade unions have been finally defeated. On the contrary, many local parties and trade unions, who at last year's conference rallied to the cry of party unity, continue to subscribe to the funds of both the CND and the Committee of 100. A potentially effective opposition which does not accept the official Labour leadership still exists within the party and on its disillusioned fringe. It is here that one should look for the alternative to perpetual Conservative government.

London Diary

CHARON

In the uniquely macabre interval between verdict and sentence, I cannot make up my mind whether the obvious public apathy – outside Israel, naturally, and the Jewish community – over the ultimate fate of Eichmann is a healthy or an unhealthy sign. Certainly there has been no tendency to gloat over either the monster or his monstrosities; but whether this is a form of social clinical detachment or merely the dismissal of something too horrible to be contemplated, it is hard to say. What, in fact, would be the most civilised solution to the disposal problem? I doubt whether there is much to be learned from further psychological examination. No doubt, however, about the lesson of the verdict. The Nuremberg precedent – that superior orders are no defence for an individual committing or causing to be committed war crimes – has once more been authoritatively affirmed. It should hold good, in my view, for all aggressive button-pushers – even though the only tribunal the most dangerous of them will come up against is the Last Judgment.

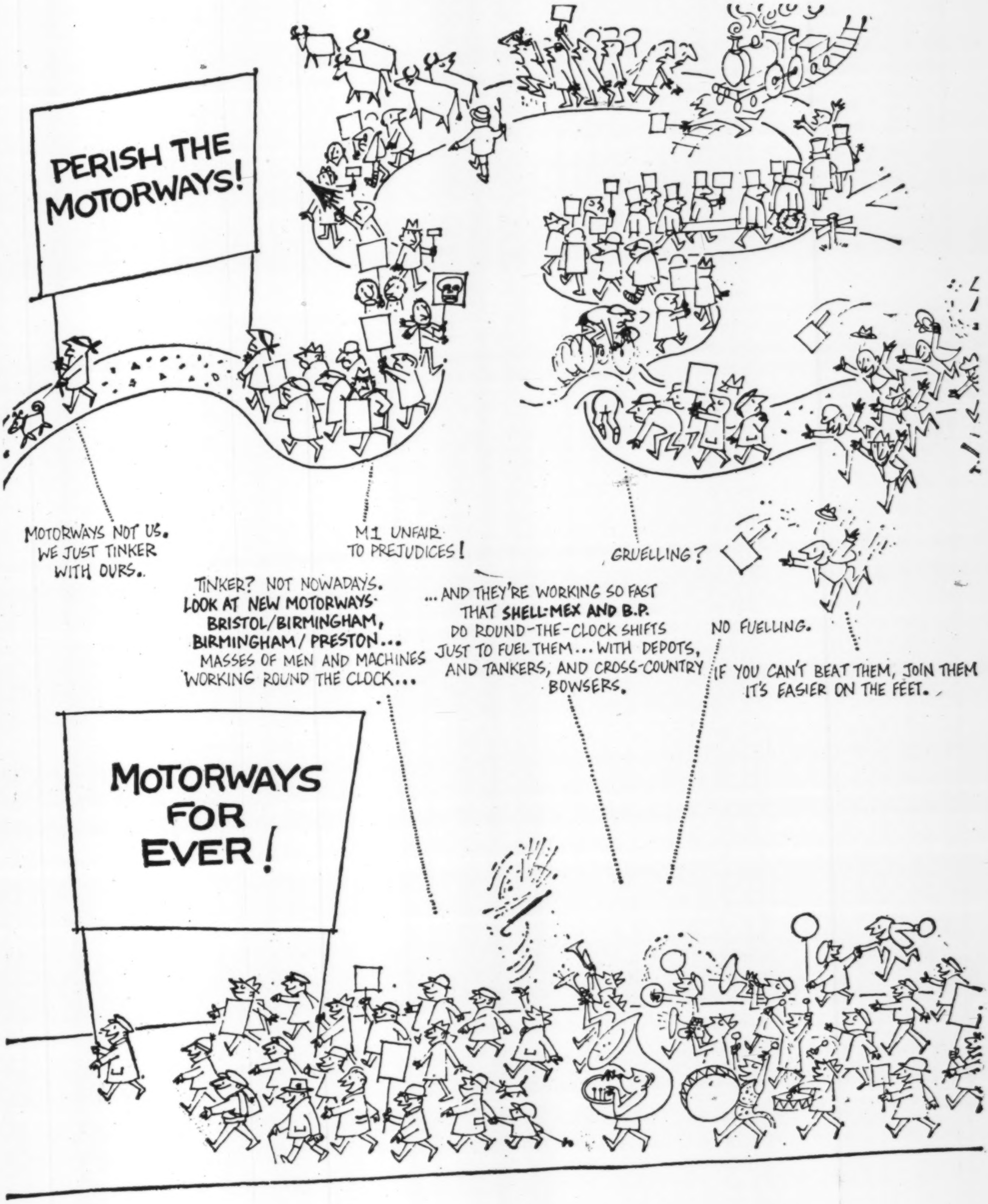
★ ★ ★

I certainly wouldn't call the Committee of 100's Ruislip demonstration a flop, though I thought it was going to be when I arrived on the scene after an eccentrically long tripartite bus journey through one of the dull suburban townscapes that seem the more desolate for being at the edge of the country. As I changed buses in Harrow, women cricketers brandished bats at me urging me to enter their bazaar. On the last leg, I was accompanied by six young policemen and one teenage CND badge-wearer, male. At South Ruislip tube station, the rallying point, with its circular hall and weird decorations – a new genre of modernistic sculpturette – there was a policewoman so gigantic that you felt to stare at her was dumb insolence.

Outside, in Long Drive with its skeletal elms, the demonstrators I talked to seemed at first a bit piano, but they were cheered up by the sight of so many uniforms. When they moved off in column, there seemed to be one policeman to each file. At the base building there was obviously no possibility of getting inside a gate. RAF police behind the wire, holding their Alsatians on the leash in the correct drill-book position, were purely decorative. At first I didn't think there would even be a sitdown. The police were containing them on the grass side-walk. Then one sitter broke through to squat and while the two nearest police bent to pick him up, others took advantage of the gap and soon blocked the road. An Oriental student, in a strange green waterproof hat, carried a blackthorn walking stick clasped tightly to his bosom to show it wasn't for offensive purposes; time after time the police pushed him back; suddenly he leaped quite high into the air and landed bump on the tarmac. The squatting sangfroid of students is always noticeable. I saw one fill and light a most elaborate German pipe a foot long. It was still dangling between his teeth, bumping on his chest when the police lugged him away.

★ ★ ★

I was discussing with a knowledgeable contemporary, like myself a relic of the Thirties, whether there was any movement on the extreme right in this country which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Facts worth remembering:—(1) Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd are major fuel suppliers on Britain's new Motorways, as they were on M1. (2) They have the most experience in supplying fuels to road-building machinery on the site, day or night.

SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD – WORKING ROUND-THE-CLOCK ON BRITAIN'S MOTORWAYS

could be classed as a counterpart to the John Birch Society. We agreed that – always excepting Lord Home at the Foreign Office – there are no signs as yet of any really significant equivalent. In the Thirties there were a number of ultra right-wing leagues and groups which became amalgamated, in time, with Mosley's Fascists. There were also eccentric organisations, right-wing but not Fascist, like Lord Howard de Walden's British Mystery. Today, with the peculiar economic situation prevailing, and the tacit realisation of our global strategic weakness, the extreme – by which I mean the crank – Right seems to share the prevailing apathy.

Moral Rearmament in spite of all its anti-Communist fervour, is too emotional for the backwoodsmen and pensioners who find themselves being ground between the millstones. I suspect the *New Daily* is nearer their mark. The other day, in a small south Devon town, I saw a gentle blue-eyed, pink-faced, silver-haired old dear in patched tweed coat and corduroy trousers, toting his wife's shopping basket along Fore Street. He kept taking his *ND* out and showing it to people. 'You ought to read this. Jolly good paper. It's the only one that's absolutely independent.' Twenty-five years ago he, or his uncle might, I suppose, have been peering at Lady Houston's *Saturday Review*. I see that the *New Daily* is now sponsoring a movement called National Fellowship in the Service of Britain, described as a combination of a watch-dog and ginger group. Its list of sponsors bristles with Brigadiers and Commanders. Its campaign literature, interspersed with eloquent appeals for money, seems to be rather pathetically geared to those unfortunate ex-officers who lost their gratuities in flooded chicken farms after the First World War.

★ ★ ★

Everybody – so-called white racialists apart – seems delighted about Chief Luthuli's Nobel Prize. It is particularly apposite that the first Negro ever to receive one should be the leader of the South African National Congress. Luthuli has a reputation for wit and charm which must be difficult to sustain under the circumstances of apartheid. We got a sample of his form in his speech of acceptance. He remarked that the South African Minister of the Interior had said that he was not worthy of the prize. 'And such,' Luthuli went on, 'is the magical reputation of this prize that for the first time I find myself in agreement with the South African Minister of the Interior.'

★ ★ ★

I'm delighted that Dame Edith Sitwell's MSS fetched a considerable price – £6,260 – at Sotheby's this week. I wonder, though, what her brothers would have said in the early Twenties to a prophecy that Ronald Firbank's letters to his mother would go for £7,412. It certainly pays to write by hand. Collectors do not pay much for type-scripts. Cases of authors recopying their work in order to sell MSS are not unknown. I remember one Irish writer telling me – a good many years ago now – that he had caught writer's cramp from copying out in long-hand a batch of his early short stories, the MSS of which had been lost long since. He had had an inquiry for them from an enthusiastic American collector with an Irish nationalist bent. This harmless deception appealed to some picaresque strain in him, especially as he sold the MSS for more than he had ever earned from the stories. Conrad, pressed for money, also copied out the MSS of some of his own stories. This was the kind of literary roguery that used to intrigue old Norman Douglas. With him, it took the form of writing interesting inscriptions to distinguished people in the fly-leaves of limited editions of his own books.

★ ★ ★

I hope the Bishops' – London and Southwark – torchlight procession from St Paul's to a carol service at Southwark Cathedral will be strongly supported. Its object, under the general slogan 'No Room at the Inn', is to 'challenge the conscience of London about homeless families'. In one respect, it is avowedly non-political and the Lord Mayor himself will read the lessons; but the Bishop of Southwark has already made some distinctly challenging statements on the rent question and I doubt if we'll hear any bleats to the effect that the problem is 'nothing at all to do with the Rent Act'. The church really does, at the moment, seem to be getting its tail up. Even though this demonstration is calculated to appeal to everybody, it might conceivably give those actually responsible a faint twinge of shame.

★ ★ ★

I wonder why the manufacturers of air rifles advertise them at Christmas as 'the ideal family present'. Do they hope to appeal to those ghastly boys of all ages? Or to invest the weapon with a safety halo of adulthood? One advertisement I'm particularly fond of shows you an entire subtopian brood engaged in happy marksmanship, prone on the parlour floor. You can almost hear the merry tinkle as Shirley's slug ricochets off the TV set. Oddly enough, one of the earliest English air-gun addicts was the Prince Regent. Mrs Creevey, in a letter to her immortal gossip, describes an evening at the Pavilion when Prinny insisted on everybody taking part in his favourite sport in the map room where he planned his imaginary strategies. One lady scored a chandelier; another starred a looking glass; another winged a fiddler. After this Mrs Fitzherbert called a halt. This was just about the time of the Battle of Trafalgar. Perhaps it provided the kernel of reality for one of Prinny's delusions of warrior exploits.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'Now I make 28 quid a week on a big office block in London. It will last two years. I work fast, so I get my work done in about 30 hours most weeks.

'I pay £3 10s. for my digs in Cricklewood. I still send £4 home, and I'm a member of six strip-tease clubs in the West End.' – *Daily Herald*. (A. S. Gully.)

The Burmese Army and the RAF searched for three days. No trace was found of it . . . Princess Alexandra's teddy bear.

Apparently she told her host in Mandalay she remembered taking teddy to bed.

And now – gone.

Princess Alexandra is 25 this month. – *Reynolds News*. (Benita Lawson.)

Mrs A. Silverstone, Sussex vice-chairman, South-eastern area Women's Advisory Committee, said: 'I think most of the dangers and fears are going to be eliminated, and that entry into the Common Market will not make any difference to the status of the Royal Family.' – *Worthing Gazette*. (Grace Shelley.)

Kennedy in Venezuela

K. S. KAROL

This week-end President Kennedy is making a symbolic visit to Latin America. After a brief stop-over in Puerto Rico, he will spend one day in Caracas and another in Bogota. These visits are, of course, too short to allow for negotiations; they are in fact little more than a simple gesture of good-will – and the choice of Venezuela and Colombia is particularly significant. It was Colombia which took the initiative in demanding action by the Organisation of American States against Cuba; and, despite the opposition of Mexico and the abstention of Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and Bolivia, it has succeeded in summoning a conference of foreign ministers, for 10 January, to discuss the Castro affair once again. Equally, Venezuela is the only 'democratic' Latin American country to suspend its diplomatic relations with Cuba, and its President, Romulo Betancourt, is a leading opponent of Castro. These two republics have therefore been judged worthy of accommodating Mr Kennedy on his first Latin American visit.

From the State Department's point of view, Venezuela is a particularly precious ally. Here is a country which, in 1958, threw out a military dictatorship, which has a moderate left-wing government, which has undertaken popular reforms and which, at the same time, is anti-Castro. The Kennedy administration, faithful to its doctrine – 'We are opposed neither to social reforms nor revolutions but solely to Communism' – regards the Betancourt regime as an excellent example of the type of government it favours. In Washington I was told frankly: 'Betancourt is the best president we have in this part of the world, and the success of his policies will point the way for all the Latin American democracies.'

This autumn, therefore, after a second visit to Cuba, I went to Caracas to see for myself. I was able to compare the political climate and the relative dynamism of these two experiments in reform. Superficially, Venezuela has enormous natural advantages. With a population of roughly the same size as Cuba, it has an area four to five times the size and correspondingly richer. It produces up to 140 million tons of oil a year and exports considerable quantities of iron. It has, indeed, a better chance of raising basic living standards than any other Latin American country.

And there is, of course, plenty of wealth in Caracas: magnificent villas and superb private collections of paintings. But side by side with the luxury residential quarters there are acres of shacks, without running water or sanitation, comparable to the worst slums in the world. The reason for this contrast, I was told, is simple: the peasants drift in from the countryside and it is impossible to prevent them from setting up their shacks in the capital. Nobody seems to know exactly how many of them there are, or how many get permanent jobs. Official figures indicate there are about 250,000 unemployed living in the Caracas *ranchos*; the opposition claims there are many more.

To appreciate the real significance of these festering slums alongside the palaces of

XUM

You dig omens?

You read stars, signs, palms, bumps, tealeaves, entrails, etc.? Oh good. Hearken while Wilmot soothsaying Breeden, closing one eye, announce amazing portents. (Gentle reader, read gently.)

December BC 753: Romulus buries Uncle Remus, founds Rome.
December BC 218: Hannibal camps on Alps, sights Turin Town Hall.
December BC 1: Bir son of Brum founds Birmingham, invents engineering.
December AD 1859: Garibaldi founds Italy, invents biscuits.
December AD 1961: Wilmot Breeden invest Turin. Banners and trumpets.
A parley. W.B. acquire 45% share-holding in S.A.F.E. (say "Sahfay"), largest suppliers locks and small mechanisms to Italian motor industry.
Fiesta. Battle of flowers.

W.B. Zerotorque locks long manufactured under licence (sotto voce). Close consultations (conversazioni). Technical exchanges (contrappunti sincopati) on methods, meccanismi, raw materials (prosciutto crudo). And now, in Torino, bullseye (osso buco) of automotive Italy (Italia rallia), S.A.F.E. weds Wilmot Breeden in marriage of true minds! Yo ho, Cagliostro! Ye stars knew all.

Wilmot italic Breeden, far-sighted, fecund (ma non troppo) . . . S.A.F.E., industrious, molto vivace . . . celestial partners these, buddi predestinati. More trumpets! More flowers! Common Market This Way! And Echo answers *Ecco!*

Wilmot Breeden *England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Australia, U.S.A.*

millionaires, it must be remembered that Caracas has the highest cost of living in the world. According to UN figures, it is 40 per cent higher than in New York. Venezuela's domestic agriculture cannot support her population, and food for the cities has to be imported from the US. Obviously, the slum-dwellers of Caracas cannot afford to pay these inflated prices.

Betancourt himself is not to blame for this situation. He has been in power less than three years. From 1918 to 1945, Venezuela lived under the regime of Juan Vicente Gomez, 'the Tyrant of the Andes'; it was during his reign that oil was first exploited, and that concessions were farmed out to foreign companies in return for royalties which enriched the local landed aristocracy. They found it easier to import from abroad than to develop their estates. Corruption became second nature to the ruling clique and police terror its principal instrument of power.

After Gomez's death, President Medina allowed political parties to appear and promised to break with the feudal dictatorship of the past. But the new regime was smashed by a strange coup, organised by the leader of the left-wing Accion Democratica party, Romulo Betancourt, in conjunction with a group of young army officers, which included Captain Marcos Perez Jimenez. Betancourt, it seemed, felt that Medina was too cautious; he hoped to exploit the political inexperience of the young military faction to push through radical reforms. In fact, the reverse happened: in 1948, the army drove Betancourt into exile in Puerto Rico and Perez Jimenez established a dictatorship on the lines of the Gomez regime.

Yet Jimenez, as even the Americans admit, was supported by the US. He himself was given the Legion of Merit and his police chief, Estrada, was the intimate friend of the US Ambassador, Mr Fletcher. US support was based on self-interest. Jimenez was anti-Communist and a supporter of big business. Venezuela became a capitalist's El Dorado and a paradise for speculators; in a few months the capital doubled in size. Skyscrapers and millionaires' villas mushroomed.

When, in 1958, a general strike in Caracas was followed by the revolt of the Venezuelan navy, the US was just as surprised as Perez Jimenez. The latter fled to the US and power fell into the hands of Admiral Larrazabal, who promised to hold free elections. Betancourt rushed back to Caracas and reorganised Accion Democratica. In the December 1958 elections he managed to beat Larrazabal for the presidency, thanks to a coalition of moderate left-wing parties and the votes of the peasants, to whom he promised a rapid and radical land reform. The US interests preferred him to the Admiral, who was well known for his 'anti-Yankee' views (he failed, for instance, to prevent a mob uprising during the visit of Vice-President Nixon, which almost cost Nixon his life). At the same time, they were alarmed by Betancourt's abandonment of Jimenez's 'liberal' business policies.

Hence, immediately after the elections, the Caracas boom collapsed, Capital began to flee abroad. The vast construction industry came to a virtual standstill. Even today, Caracas is disfigured by half-finished buildings, and I met businessmen there who assured me that Betancourt is a crypto-Communist, planning the confiscation of private property. Meanwhile, the President went to extreme lengths to prove he was no Communist: indeed, his main object since he assumed office has been to reassure the business community. The land reform is proceeding very slowly, and the landlords are being compensated beyond the real value of their property. Indeed, the continued drift of the peasants in Caracas is itself striking proof that Betancourt has failed to revolutionise the countryside.

At the same time, he has driven the more left-wing ministers from his government, assumed the leadership of the anti-Castro crusade and banned the CP and the MIR, a party created by the dissidents of his own Accion Democratica. For over a year, Venezuela has been in a state of emergency and ordinary constitutional liberties have been suspended. One may well sympathise with Betancourt's difficulties; he has to steer an uneasy course between the right, which is plotting to overthrow him, and the left, which regards him as a traitor. But the conclusion is inescapable: Venezuela is neither a democracy nor an example of social progress for the rest of South and Central America.

I doubt, moreover, that the visit of President Kennedy or the Alliance for Progress will succeed in breathing life into the Betancourt 'experiment'. It is probably impossible in Latin America to push through an effective agarian reform and to accomplish real social progress without making a frontal attack on the economic ruling groups – whether local or American. It is certainly impossible to retain, at one and the same time, the confidence of the business community and the support of those who live in the *ranchos*. The strength of Castro is not so much that he has made the peasants richer than before, but that he really has got rid of the millionaire speculators – who still flourish in Caracas.

I hope that Mr Kennedy will be as much impressed by the dramatic contrasts of Caracas as I was myself. It is in these – and not in Castro's Cuba – that the long-term problems of Latin America lie.

Homage for Isaac Babel

DORIS LESSING

The day I promised to take Catherine down to visit my young friend Philip at his school in the country, we were to leave at eleven, but she arrived at nine. Her blue dress was new, and so were her fashionable shoes. Her hair had just been done. She looked more than ever like a pink and gold Renoir girl who expects everything from life.

Catherine lives in a white house overlooking the sweeping brown tides of the river. She helped me clean up my flat with a devotion which said that she felt small flats were altogether more romantic than large houses. We drank tea, and talked mainly about Philip, who, being 15, has pure stern tastes in everything from food to music. Catherine looked at the books lying around his room, and asked if she might borrow the stories of Isaac Babel to read on the train. Catherine is 13. I suggested she might find them difficult, but she said: 'Philip reads them, doesn't he?'

During the journey I read newspapers and watched her pretty frowning face as she turned the pages of Babel, for she was determined to let nothing get between her and her ambition to be worthy of Philip.

At the school, which is charming, civilised and expensive, the two children walked together across green fields, and I followed, seeing how the sun gilded their bright friendly heads turned towards each other as they talked. In Catherine's left hand she carried the stories of Isaac Babel.

After lunch we went to the pictures. Philip allowed it to be seen that he thought going to the pictures just for the fun of it was not worthy of intelligent people, but he made the concession, for our sakes. For his sake we chose the more serious of the two films that were showing in the little town. It was about a good priest who helped criminals in New York. His goodness, however, was not enough to prevent one of them from being sent to the gas chamber; and Philip and I waited with Catherine in the dark until she had stopped crying and could face the light of a golden evening.

At the entrance of the cinema the doorman was lying in wait for anyone who had red eyes. Grasping Catherine by her suffering arm, he said bitterly: 'Yes, why are you crying, he had to be punished for his crime, didn't he?' Catherine stared at him, incredulous. Philip rescued her by saying with disdain: 'Some people don't know right from wrong even when its *demonstrate*d to them.' The doorman turned his attention to the next red-eyed emerger from the dark; and we went on together to the station, the children silent because of the cruelty of the world.

Finally Catherine said, her eyes wet again: 'I think its all absolutely beastly, and I can't bear to think about it.' And Philip said: 'But we've got to think about it, don't you see, because if we don't it'll just go on and *on*, don't you see?'

In the train going back to London I sat beside Catherine. She had the stories open in front of her, but she said: 'Philip's awfully lucky. I wish I went to that school. Did you notice that girl who said hullo to him in the garden? They must be great friends. I wish my mother would let me have a dress like that, it's *not* fair.'

'I thought it was too old for her.'

'Oh, *did* you?'

Soon she bent her head again over the book, but almost at once lifted it to say: 'Is he a very famous writer?'

'He's a marvellous writer, brilliant, one of the very best.'

'Why?'

'Well, for one thing he's so simple. Look how few words he uses, and how strong his stories are.'

'I see. Do you know him? Does he live in London?'

'Oh no, he's dead.'

'Oh. Then why did you – I thought he was alive, the way you talked.'

'I'm sorry, I suppose I wasn't thinking of him as dead.'

'When did he die?'

'He was murdered. About 20 years ago, I suppose.'

'*Twenty years.*' Her hands began the movement of pushing the book over to me, but then relaxed. 'I'll be 14 in November,' she stated, sounding threatened, while her eyes challenged me.

I found it hard to express my need to apologise, but before I could speak, she said, patiently attentive again: 'You said he was murdered?'

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'Yes.'

'I expect the person who murdered him felt sorry when he discovered he had murdered a famous writer.'

'Yes, I expect so.'

'Was he old when he was murdered?'

'No, quite young really.'

'Well, that was bad luck, wasn't it?'

'Yes, I suppose it was bad luck.'

'Which do you think is the very best story here? I mean, in your honest opinion, the very very best one.'

I chose the story about killing the goose. She read it slowly, while I sat waiting, wishing to take it from her, wishing to protect this charming little person from Isaac Babel.

When she had finished she said: 'Well, some of it I don't understand. He's got a funny way of looking at things. Why should a man's legs in boots look like *girls*?' She finally pushed the book over to me, and said: 'I think it's all morbid.'

'But you have to understand the kind of life he had. First, he was a Jew in Russia. That was bad enough. Then his experience was all revolution and civil war and . . .'

But I could see these words bouncing off the clear glass of her fiercely denying gaze; and I said: 'Look, Catherine, why don't you try again when you're older? Perhaps you'll like him better then?'

She said gratefully: 'Yes, perhaps that would be best, after all, Philip is two years older than me, isn't he?'

A week later I got a letter from Catherine.

'Thank you very much for being kind enough to take me to visit Philip at his school. It was the most lovely day in my whole life. I am extremely grateful to you for taking me. I have been thinking about the Hoodlum Priest. That was a film which demonstrated to me beyond any shadow of doubt that Capital Punishment is a Wicked Thing, and I shall never forget what I learned that afternoon, and the lessons of it will be with me all my life.

'I have been meditating about what you said about Isaac Babel, the famed Russian short story writer, and I now see that the conscious simplicity of his style is what makes him, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the great writer that he is, and now in my school compositions I am endeavouring to emulate him so as to learn a conscious simplicity which is the only basis for a really brilliant writing style. Love, Catherine. PS: Has Philip said anything about my party? I wrote but he hasn't answered. Please find out if he is coming or if he just forgot to answer my letter. I hope he comes, because sometimes I feel I shall die if he doesn't. PPS: Please don't tell him I said anything, because I should die if he knew. Love, Catherine.'

'No room at the Inn'

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See YOU are there

Correspondence

LAST TWIST OF THE ROPE

SIR, – C. H. Rolph's classification of our opponents under 'fact-blind' and 'fact-hating' is a good one. The former, infinitely more numerous than the last-ditchers, are not so much advocates of retention as fugitives from abolition.

In his book *The Undiscovered Self*, C. G. Jung explained the Iron Curtain in terms of psychological 'projection' and many of us will be inclined to explain in the same terms that curtain of fear and horror which shrouds the act of murder and the person of the murderer from rational and sympathetic consideration. As a small-time, proselytising member of the Campaign, I am convinced that the familiar arguments we have to meet, ranging from the more serious though invalid (e.g. deterrent value of capital punishment) to the buffoon ('Long-term prisoners are a burden on the tax-payer'), are rationalisations of the primitive horror felt by one who projects onto his neighbour the destructiveness he disavows in himself. Our real task, that of conversion, begins *after* we have paraded our fact-studded counter-arguments: earnestly but tenderly to wean our opponent from his compulsive self-estrangement.

Where the fact-hating, committed retentionist is concerned the same applies. But in his case, I believe, there is an additional factor of grim significance which is often overlooked – envy. Anti-Socialists tend to regard envy as a basic ingredient of Socialism, but really and truly the boot is on the other foot. What is the most enviable thing in the world? The capacity for love, in the Platonic sense – a sustained affirmation of values. Christ was condemned because his loveless enemies found his capacity for love intolerable. Today, when a Mississippi racist reviles a progressive journalist as a nigger-lover, what he is saying in the depths of his soul is 'Why should you be at liberty to love when I am the prisoner of my own disgust?' And so with the retentionist. It is for Socialists, the 'haves', in this as in other humanitarian issues, to liberate the 'have-not' from his vow of poverty, to induce the hang-hard to grant himself a reprieve.

F. C. G. BRADLEY

5 Cheyne Place
SW3

SIT AND THINK

SIR, – Mr Michael Howard's review of *Arms Control and Disarmament* makes a welcome appeal to the nuclear disarmament movement to educate our marchers. It is tempting to claim that he knows less about the Campaign than they do about arms control: CND does not 'sit', in the disobedient sense of the word, and the *Dædalus* essayists, as well as Alastair Buchan, and Liddell Hart have in fact provided the basis for many discussions, weekend schools, and so on. Nevertheless, no one would claim that their works are in every pocket on the Aldermaston road.

But why should they be? Granted that the handful of Foreign Office officials are playing a 'parlour game', are the scholarly strategists anything more than chess-players sneering at draughts? Their object is on the whole to study disarmament within the rules and conventions of the present international game. They calculate the fantastic cost of victory, and work out the moves that may lead to stalemate. Those who think it evil and inexpedient that the survival of humanity should depend on such a game cannot necessarily be expected to emulate the players and expert commentators in analysing the positions.

To an uncompromisingly pacifist movement – perhaps even to Lord Russell, with his indiscriminate denunciation of all politicians – that might be all there is to it. CND however seeks a change in diplomatic and military policy that would be revolutionary but still practicable within the present political system. It is also a movement of protest against every step towards nuclear war, and support for every step away from it. The 'percolation' of ideas should, as Michael Howard suggests, be a larger part of its work than now. It should include the sophisticated arguments of the strategists, and go beyond them. We need far more help from people with the gift of reducing arguments and facts to the scope of a leaflet that will make an impact on the uninterested, a pamphlet that will be absorbed by the weary campaigner, a speech that will be remembered. But revolutions are not made by intellectuals. If a political movement is no use unless all its members undergo a 'gruelling initial study' before they can even begin their real learning of the technicalities, western democracy must be even more fraudulent than it looks.

DONALD PENNINGTON

37 Ogden Road
Bramhall
Cheshire

TEACHER'S LAMENT

SIR, – We are told (in your profile) that Mr Osbert Lancaster gives '. . . a low whistle of horror . . .' whenever Charterhouse is mentioned. Mr Betjeman became reconciled to Marlborough only when he found a soul-mate in the long grass. Why is it inevitable that as soon as an Establishment notable starts baring his soul in print, the first thing that takes a knock is the public school that put him on the road to the top? Speaking as an upstart plebeian who spent three exhausting years at one of our older universities battling against the silent union of the 'chaps', I am bound to say that nothing gives such immediate acceptance and assistance in all spheres as this implicit brotherhood. And why not?

To me, as a schoolmaster, it seems obvious that a staffing ratio of one to ten or less, and the best qualified staff at that, will provide an education vastly superior to any other, let alone the 'trade union' aspect of the matter. Is it some plot to convince the masses that a public school education is not worth having and that evil Socialist designs on these institutions are not worth pursuing? Or is that the *alumni* who have some literary leanings were all those delicate and highly-strung individualists who squealed with terror at the sight of a rugger ball. But both Mr Betjeman and Mr Lancaster seem to be pretty robust lookin' chaps. At the worst this sort of thing is hypocrisy, at best ingratitude, the usual reward of the schoolmaster. If your pupils do well, they attribute success to their own unaided genius. If they fail, they blame the incompetence of their instructors.

GERALD MOSBACK

POB 1636
Addis Ababa

GHANA'S CRISIS

SIR, – Dr Rita Hinden wonders what was the reaction of most of your readers to your recent article 'Ghana's Crisis'. Some of us, after reading Mr Tom Driberg's article in *Reynolds News* of 22 October and Mr James Callaghan's speech in *Hansard* for 19 October, could have expected it to be a little more forthright than it was.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies, opening the African affairs debate on 19 October, used the quotation: 'Before you can have justice you must have security.' As Mr Callaghan pointed out in this debate, on a previous occasion when there was a commission of inquiry into events in Ghana it was unanimously found by that commission (under the chairmanship of Mr Justice Granville Sharp) that certain prominent political leaders had been 'engaged in a conspiracy to carry out . . . an act for an unlawful purpose, revolutionary in character.'

Since Dr O'Brien has made it impossible for the press to continue being so discreet about the Katanga lobby, some of us, recalling the Lumumba tragedy, might be excused for suspecting a lobby of some kind when we are confronted with concerted press attacks on African prime ministers of the left.

EWURA EFUA

29 Beaufoy Road
SW11

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

SIR, – Twice within one year famine has afflicted the peoples of Africa, revealing the thinness of the margin between survival and death for those living on the wrong side of the hunger line. For one and a half billion people the misery-go-round (poverty, hunger, leading to disease, unemployment and further poverty) will still be ticking at Christmas time. Only our help can break this circle.

May we therefore appeal to your readers that as a measure of international Socialism, they should, at this season of giving, adopt one of our 'direct aid' or 'person-to-person' projects – the gifts which have life within them for those who have never had it so bad. Such projects might include the erection of a well, leading to better crops and better health; the endowment of a scholarship enabling a blind farmer to take his place on the family farm; a tank roof for the storage of rain water; a chick-pea factory for the production of protein food; sandals enabling lepers to cross the thorny ground and so receive the sulphone treatment which today can achieve a cure. Such gifts are not charity: they are the first push enabling impoverished peoples to struggle upwards to full independence. If adopted on a sufficiently wide scale, these gifts must inevitably have their impact on governments of whatever complexion, and so set in motion the large-scale planning – roads, railways, dams, engineering works, which can ultimately wipe out poverty and bring fullness of life to this planet.

OLWEN BATTERSBY

War on Want,
9 Madeley Road
W5

AMERICAN DIARY

SIR, – In the American Diary I contributed to last week's issue, I wrote that President Kennedy was doing his best to explain to the American people that 'foreign policy is not an affair of peace punctuated by *occasional romantic wars, but a search for a* series of compromises'. Unhappily, the printer omitted the words italicised above with the result that I was made to say the opposite of what I intended. The point of the paragraph was to stress the difficulty of making so basic a change in America's image of herself in relation to the rest of the world.

I must also apologise to Mr C. D. Jackson for the fact that his familiar initials were reversed.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

PRESS COUNCIL STANDARDS

SIR, – In two attacks on the Press Council Mr Francis Williams has made the same mis-statement. He has said that the Council asked British newspapers to accept the code of the American Society of Newspaper Editors that 'a newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity.'

The Council has made no such request because it has never accepted the American code, for reasons which will appear. Our second annual report quoted the American dictum, and went on to ask: 'But how is private right to be distinguished from public right, and public curiosity from the public interest by mere ingenuity of definition? The Press Council can only hope to establish a code of sound practice slowly by its decisions on the specific cases brought before it.'

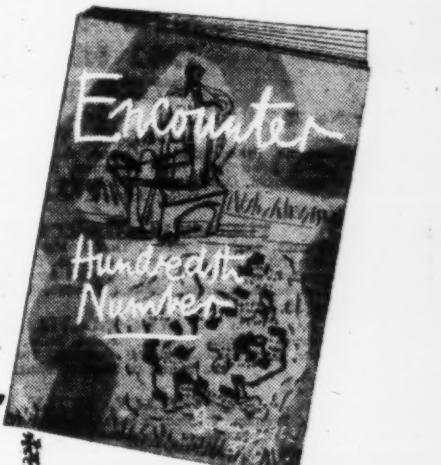
The same point was made in the fifth report, and in the sixth report Sir Linton Andrews, who resigned the chairmanship in that year, returned to it in a personal note. He again quoted what the American Society had said and added: 'Where do private rights cease to be inviolable and where does sure warrant of public right begin? A law for judges and magistrates to administer would have to be much more specific than that.'

It will be seen that the Council long ago concluded that no hard and fast line can be drawn in this debatable territory, and Mr Williams, himself the former editor of a mass-circulation newspaper, must be well aware of this.

GEORGE MURRAY
Chairman

General Council of the Press
1 Bell Yard
WC2

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: Mr Murray quibbles. The Press Council drew attention to the American code with the words: 'The Ameri-



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GREGORY CORSO
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can Society very properly says . . .' Naturally it did not try to draw up a legal statute. That is not its job. It commended a principle. Now it has abandoned it for the gossip-touts' thesis that if men or women are in the public eye they have no right to any privacy. Anything they do is 'news' – unless of course, as Mr Randolph Churchill has pointed out, they are newspaper proprietors – the only privileged class left. I think this a disgraceful pandering to the lowest kind of intrusion. I am sorry if the present chairman of the Press Council does not agree.

SCHOLARS AT WAR

Sɪʀ, – Your readers may share my feelings that this correspondence has reached the limit of its usefulness. Throughout I have been at pains simply to establish the facts, and my letter of 1 December contained a long string of recorded facts. Mr Boardman does not challenge any but confines his reply to personalities. Even here he is inaccurate.

On Monday 4 July 1960 I received a request for the return of the Day Books. That afternoon I handed them over to Mr Boardman together with a copy of my excerpts to date. I have a signed receipt 'returned 4 July 1960'. The announcement of our collaboration was made later that week in *The Times*, and it continued for three months.

Mr Boardman had undertaken to supplement my chosen excerpts in any way he found necessary from his point of view. He now tells the world that the material committed to his trust was a tendentious selection. Does a scholar who harbours such intentions voluntarily invite another to join him as co-editor? It was no doubt foolish of me. I have old-fashioned ideas about 'confidence' in such matters, but I am content to let others judge.

Mr Boardman deserves every credit, as a former member of the Ashmolean staff, for knowing of the existence of part of this material (part was not brought up from the basement until July-August, and some Day Books were bought at my request from an Italian bookseller in August). But museum assistants do not normally lay veiled claim to 'priority' if they are good enough to bring material when a reader whose researches had prompted inquiry comes to ask about it. It will be noted that Mr Boardman does not claim to have *read* the notebooks before accepting my invitation. This was wise, for on this point too I have documentary testimony.

You will rightly be impatient, Sir, and observe that what matters is what these documents contain, not who saw them first. This is my concern: to publish the full recorded facts so that scholars can correct and supplement the statements made by Evans. If my publication is faulty, Mr Boardman, thanks to my invitation, will be there to act as long stop.

This was his function, but after three months of entreaty I had received no excerpts to supplement my own. In the end I had to do the whole work myself. My forthcoming book seeks an answer to the simple question: Where were the Knossos tablets found?

L. R. Pᴀʟᴍᴇʀ

Worcester College
Oxford

OCCAM'S DUSTBIN

Sɪʀ, – In your issue of 8 December Dr Kenneth Mellanby and H. D. Baecker take me to task for my invocation of Occam's Dustbin. I agree with Dr Mellanby that more provision should be made for the publication of negative results; these are cases where a question has been posed and an answer obtained. I agree with both critics that there should be better provision for the exchange of ideas and results in the formative stages of a line of research; but, as Dr Mellanby says, this should be done more selectively. It is good that the idea of publishing 'separates' is at last being taken seriously. Let me make it clear, however, that I regard as the real problem the unreflecting accumulation of data of which too much of modern science appears to consist. Its publication is only the symptom.

Nɪɢᴇʟ Cᴀʟᴅᴇʀ

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VINTAGE CAR CULT

Sɪʀ, – Cultural and social responsibility. Caught in a cake-and-eat it dilemma, everyone is trying to pretend that old cars aren't worn out enough to matter by being used. This may be true of very moderate use, such as demonstration runs. But Mr Clutton has been racing that splendid Itala of his since I was no size, and I wish he would stop, because it may be someone else's accident that writes it off. This, to me, would be as tragic as the destruction of a major painting, and persons like Mr Clutton have an obligation, I maintain, to take care – *every* care – of such property.

Of course, a lot of old cars are neither as unique nor as fundamentally interesting as the Itala, and these can be used up with a clear conscience. But instead of using them up with a pretence of preservation, cultists should at least be honest about what they are doing. I much prefer the attitude of the American 'rodders' who rebuild old cars into avowedly fantasy vehicles that are more vintage than vintage cars ever were – and have decent brakes into the bargain. This is both honest and moderately creative and differs from attitude of the cultists much as the groups that accompany Dorothy Provine in *The Roaring Twenties* differ from the uncreative mortuary exactitude of the Temperance Seven.

Doing it for the hell of it: as Ian Nairn and everybody else has said, this is the only acceptable reason for doing it, but Ian Nairn is no vintage motorist as he well knows – in driving cars from the despised period around 1950 he places himself beneath the contempt of the cult: 'Not even *vin ordinaire*!' is the approved verdict on his present vehicle. Vintage by the official definition is 1919-1930; and by insisting on the absolute superiority of this period at the expense of all others, the Cultists are playing by formula, and not for pleasure. They are inflating the element of fetishism, implicit in the act of taking any technological product out of the context of its time in order to eternalise it, into an organised movement. The personal pleasures of fetishism (vintage cars, pinned-up girlie-pics, it's all the same) are all right in their private way, but when fetishists begin to adopt attitudes of moral hauteur in organised groups, then their pleasures are in the public domain, discussable and susceptible of social judgment, in a way that Ian Nairn's private fancies are not.

Does the cult exist? The published estimates vary from 'a few' to Cecil Clutton's sweeping 'quite a lot of rather tiresome people'. Readers will have observed a general tendency to dissociate oneself from the cult in print and an absence of published letters from avowed cultists; they may well have wondered whether the whole thing is not a mirage. I was quite prepared to see it evaporate in this way as far as public debate was concerned, but I was not prepared for some of the correspondence I have received privately, which varies between lofty disdain and tones bordering on those employed in defending fox-hunting. The cult not only exists, but it has a crashingly good opinion of itself as well.

Rᴇʏɴᴇʀ Bᴀɴʜᴀᴍ

64 Aberdare Gardens, NW6

DESMOND MACCARTHY

Sɪʀ, – I have been asked by his son to edit the letters of the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy. Will anyone who possesses any, and is prepared to let me make copies of them, very kindly get in touch with me?

Fʀᴀɴᴄᴇs Pᴀʀᴛʀɪᴅɢᴇ

Flat 5
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Lesbos Unbound

V. S. PRITCHETT

'I've got it. I've got my *Well*', shouted the virile Anglo-Portuguese lady, with the red wig and the victorious eyes, pushing a book into my hand in her room in Lisbon nearly 30 years ago. The book was Miss Radclyffe Hall's banned novel, *The Well of Loneliness*. It had been lying, somehow appropriately, on a piano which was covered by the Union Jack.

Appropriately, because this was 'abroad' and these were the heroic days of the sexual revolution. The heroine of *The Well of Loneliness* had served bravely as an ambulance driver in the First World War. Good enough to serve her country but a social outcast when the war was over: that was one of the inverts' battle cries. (Hardly outcasts! Shades of the Ladies of Llangollen!) But the bizarre little scene in Lisbon had the exhibitionist note of the period when it was vulgar to be silent and seemed gross, disloyal and complacent to expose oneself as one of the ordinary, run-of-the-mill country copulatives. Allowing for its crudities, the sexual revolution has been one of the few blessings in the life of this century. In its beginnings it was loudly Puritan, most drastic when it was most religious, and all the more religious for having got sex out of the meddling hands of the clergy.

The ferocity and absurdity have gone; the residual gain from the sexual revolution has been the extension of human sensibility and understanding. If *The Well* seems now painfully lofty in its archaic style – the constant use of the word 'betoken' tells us all – and unbearably solemn in an enthusiastically *déclassé* way and not even 'modern' in a generation that made an unlucky fetish of 'modernity', it did awaken the sympathetic reader to the emotional perplexities of the invert's life. Society dresses up its sexual morality in clichés. At least Miss Hall cut some of that creeper away. In doing so she occasionally cut more than was good for her case:

> All things they would be the one to the other, should they stand in that limitless relationship: father, mother, friend and lover, all things – the amazing completeness of it; and Mary, the child, the friend, the beloved.

The invert is emotionally ambitious. The writer has just complained of the selfishness, arrogance and possessiveness of men in the heterosexual relationship! It looks as though Genet is right: the cult of sex isolated from the rest of life becomes the cult of dominance and power: one is the crushed, the other the crusher. Miss Hall was honest enough to end her book on the note of defeat and the cry for help and pity, but her sense of the Cause and Crusade made her fatally humourless as a novelist.

Those who go to Lady Troubridge's account of her life with Radclyffe Hall* for revelation, scandal or psychological data will be disappointed, except in one item: this clever but unstable woman was an hysteric who appears once to have induced the stigmata on her hands. The book is a work of touching and happy devotion. They were a rich, restless couple, moving from house to house in 'dear abroad' and England; they worshipped horses, bred pedigree dogs, took up spiritualism, in spite of being Roman Catholics – and found a Catholic priest who soothed them. The knowing may put down their restlessness to the sterilities of Lesbos, but it was more likely due to wealth, to the natural post-war desire to forget horror in pleasure and to that search for the great good place that has nagged at many imaginative writers. One gets the impression of an insatiable, flamboyant and demanding woman who is justified by her talents and who hankered sadly after the conventional life of a country gentlewoman. As Lady Troubridge describes it, their 'marriage' was a model friendship, as prosaic and blameless as the *ménages* of consenting adults usually are. Either woman would have turned a normal marriage into a battlefield or would have been the plague of a nunnery.

Miss Radclyffe Hall's heroine complained of ridicule, but ridicule of male or female homosexuality is as old as Greek civilisation; and ridicule accompanies all forms of love. It conceals our envy. Even a creature as conventional as the hippopotamus, when the seasonal disorder got into him, did not escape the hilarity of as grave a mind as Mr Eliot's, who compared its ululations to those of the Church in the throes of the search for mystical union. All outsiders laugh. The suspects are those who laugh too much, especially those who do so with the kind of moral scorn that conceals a wounded or brutalised nature.

It would be a good thing if some of the literate MPs who voted pusillanimously against the Wolfenden Report and fell back on music hall jokes and moral apoplexy would consult the anthology *Eros*.† Opening with the Book of Samuel and the lament of Achilles at the death of Patroclus, it collects the instances of friendship between men 'strong enough to deserve one of the more serious senses of the word "love"' from Greek times to Whitman, Proust, Stefan George, D. H. Lawrence and the English poets of the Thirties. The book is not a homosexual manual although occasionally, as in the long quotations about the speciality of Charlus, there are overt descriptions of the physical hunt. The main object of the book is to point what has been felt by men for men, the love of companions in war, the love of youth for its leaders or mentors. In early youth men and women are drawn more to their own sex than to the opposite one, and the value of this to the creative imagination and to spiritual growth has often been enormous. The source is not (I would have said) invariably erotic; but the emotion is accompanied by vows of loyalty, the desire to sacrifice the self, the sense of dedication and of being apart. It has been argued, as Patrick Anderson says here, that the sense of a superior bond between man and man was felt most vividly only when women had an inferior position in society; the argument is far too sweeping. It is a matter of common observation in the Mediterranean generally that there is a tradition of demonstrative attachment between men, little seen in the north and certainly not homosexual.

Our civilisation, which has lived on the will for over a century, has turned away from the power of love as *the* creative source. It is not surprising to read reports of sexual depravity. But the Churches and publicists who attribute this to sexual enlightenment would do better to turn their attention to the impoverished civilisation we have created. It is in this light that one must read much of this anthology and D. H. Lawrence's ungenial preachings on the subject. The well-known wrestling incident from *Women in Love* is extensively quoted. One is torn between the truth, indeed the beauty, of Lawrence's insight into the sexual nature of men and women and one's exasperation before his chunks of visceral grotesque.

The sight of Gerald and Birkin, those almost perfect gentlemen, solemnly undressing in a carpeted library and doing ju-jitsu and all-in wrestling for the good of their souls and blood-brotherhood is one of the most embarrassing pieces of unconscious comedy in Lawrence's writing. The whole episode is misplaced. It is a ritual removed from common experience and has, too, odd echoes of those scenes of gentlemanly boxing that are so painful to read in the Victorian novelists. It suggests the preposterous thought that Lawrence may have suffered from not going to a public school, as he did indeed suffer from his withdrawal from the very emotional, vigorous and far from insensitive rough-and-tumble of working-class life. Instinctive people do not stage rituals. They have what Lawrence's writings on sex lack: the sense of play.

We are now in the second phase of the sexual revolution, in which we try to carry the quickening of sensibility, tenderness, tolerance and humanity into society at large. *Eros* offers us something of the variety of human experience: the best minds have been gay, ribald, melancholy, pious and exalted. One's only complaint is that they have also, at times, been tedious. One can have too much, especially in verse, of those slanting eyes and that golden hair. Boys or girls – it is all the same to us. The lover looks at the beloved through a veil, and 'comes the time' – as Miss Radclyffe Hall would have said – when sexual curiosity, the least flagging instrument of our sexual life, grows impatient with the mourning weeds of *In Memoriam* or the obfuscating, democratic hullabaloo of the evasive Whit-

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**The Life and Death of Radclyffe Hall*. By UNA, LADY TROUBRIDGE. *Hammond*. 25*s*.

†*Eros*. Edited by PATRICK ANDERSON and ALISTAIR SUTHERLAND. *Blond*. 35*s*.

XUM

man. Michelangelo spoke for all creative artists when he wrote:

> You must know that I am, of all men who were ever born, the most inclined to love persons. Whenever I behold someone who possesses talent or displays any dexterity of mind, who can do or say something more appropriately than the rest of the world, I am compelled to fall in love with him ; and then I give myself up to him so entirely that I am no longer my own property but wholly his.

But we note the comment of John Addington Symonds that the painter 'was a man of physically frigid temperament . . . who habitually philosophised his emotions'.

When we turn to Montaigne we observe that although he thought only a man could be his friend, it was clear to him that if the friendship completed itself in physical love it would end the friendship. One begins to doubt if there are, as Mr Anderson holds, gradations of feeling in the erotic spectrum, and to fancy that there is a real break between the normal male affections and the sexual. The former seems to spring from a passionate, generous or instinctive response to a personality, without desire for bodily possession; indeed I would have thought it fundamental to ordinary male feeling that one admires the independence, the very separateness, of other males. The essence of sexual love, on the other hand, is pursuit and conquest, and one may well pursue what one in no way befriends. Gide's affair with the Arab boy, or Charlus's pursuit of his tailor, are not the search for a 'friend' but the fulfilment of a necessity. In Gide's case, this looks like his vanity, his desire to keep up with Wilde. Of this necessity in the case of Charlus Proust is a wonderful analyst; he reminds us that, in its crusading phase, the sexual revolution has inclined to be too high-minded; it has underestimated the part played by sex in allaying our boredom and loneliness, and in stirring up daring and curiosity in our lives. Mr Anderson quotes Robert Graves's comment that 'Eros was never considered a sufficiently responsible god to figure among the ruling Olympian family of Twelve'. He behaved, of course, no worse than they.

Secretions

Selected Prose. By A. E. HOUSMAN. Edited by JOHN CARTER. *Cambridge*. 21*s*.; paperback 10*s*. 6*d*.

In the only piece he ever published about poetry, the 1933 lecture, *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, Housman expounded the doctrine that poetry is 'more physical than intellectual', that a poem can be both 'ravishing' and 'nonsense', its meaning 'unimportant or virtually non-existent'. The seat of the physical sensation it produces is 'the pit of the stomach', the act of composition a 'secretion', in his own case 'a morbid secretion'. He felt himself able to judge poetry but incapable of formulating and communicating his judgments systematically. As he wrote on another occasion.

> I do regard myself as a connoisseur; I think I can tell good from bad in literature. But literary criticism, referring opinions to principles and setting them forth so as to command assent, is a high and rare accomplishment and quite beyond me.

He was right. The 1933 lecture is an interesting expression of one poet's personal reactions to poetry in general and to the particular poets he selected as examples, but, except for a few pages denouncing high-flown poetic diction, it is autobiography, not criticism. The 1892 lecture also reprinted in this volume is about the aims and values of learning, in which Housman argued that knowledge needs, and indeed has, no other end but itself. Here the interest is far less, and it is solely autobiographical, for the arguments are commonplace, lacking in depth, not always logical and once or twice even silly.

What, then are Housman's 'prose writings' that they warrant an anthology issued simultaneously in hard covers and in paperback? Apart from the two lectures and an abnormally small amount of the ephemera usual with a man who had his kind of career – a few obituary notices, some 'ceremonial addresses', a few casual book reviews – all of which can be matched (and not rarely surpassed) by thousands of similar notices and reviews which no one would dream of assembling and reprinting, Housman's writing was restricted to editions of Latin texts with introductions and commentaries and to articles in classical journals about textual and related problems. In this branch of learning he was one of the greatest masters we have had. It would be a convenience for scholars to have the articles collected in a book, but Housman in his will asked that this should not be done and there is no compelling reason not to comply with his wishes. Every classicist has easy access to the books and articles and no one else will be able (or want) to cope with them.

To enable the 'unlearned majority' to cope, Mr Carter uses a simple device. His starting-point is the savagery of Housman's polemics. Housman was not content to demolish errors; he demolished persons, at length, drawing upon a massive armoury that ranged from brilliant rapier thrusts to complicated and sometimes painfully contrived broadsides. The editor has removed nearly all the substance from the attacks, the studies in text and interpretation which were Housman's concern, and reproduced the invective (occupying nearly half the small volume with it). The 'unlearned' can therefore learn that a forgotten 18th-century editor of Manilius was a goose, that another (who later edited Catullus) had 'the brain of an idiot child', that other scholars (meaningless names to the layman) were donkeys, parrots and monkeys. But they will not understand why Housman thought so and they will learn very little about Manilius or Catullus or about anything else.

Skill in textual criticism, Housman believed, 'is purely a matter of reason and of common sense'; it 'is not susceptible of hard-and-fast rules'; and it cannot be taught. Hence his repeated references to the need for intelligence, hard work, a passion for truth, and 'simplicity and rectitude of judgment', though irreproachable, do not instruct. For that one must go to the demonstration, that is to say, to the massive technical detail of the work itself, and that is what the 'unlearned' cannot possibly do. Yet it is only in the interest of the subject-matter that Housman's polemical methods can be defended (if at all). To plunder 50 years of the most painstaking scholarship for the sake of an anthology of invective and abuse is unpardonable. Housman himself provided the best comment, in the preface to the fifth and last volume of his Manilius edition:

> Of each volume there were printed 400 copies: only the first is yet sold out, and that took 23 years; and the reason why it took no longer is that it found purchasers among the unlearned, who had heard that it contained a scurrilous preface and hoped to extract from it a low enjoyment.

M. I. FINLEY

Threepenny Almanac

Tales from the Calendar. By BERTOLT BRECHT. Translated by Yvonne Kapp (prose) and Michael Hamburger (verse). *Methuen*. 15*s*.

One difficulty with Brecht, not an esoteric one, derives from the fact that some of his productions are naive (deliberately so) and others are in a good sense sophisticated (as we must suppose he was, essentially, himself). When he trod the party line, he trod it heavily. It is easy to follow his tracks: he meant it to be.

> You who are hungry, grasp for the book:
> it is a weapon.
> You must take over the leadership.

The book would have to be instructive, preferably entertaining, and certainly straightforward. In our day and age, at any rate, the reader encountering such exhortations and the historical abridgments and simplifications which ensue may well fail to distinguish those richer pieces, tied to no creed narrower or more ephemeral than 'humanity', in which tone and procedure are rather similar, which are marked by an apparently similar apparent simplicity. Brecht's irony is not especially subtle: in English translation even less so. But he still needs and deserves to have his individual works discriminated among, not generalised about.

One expects to find simplicity, and perhaps of a simple-minded sort, in an 'almanac'. *Tales from the Calendar*, a collection Brecht made in 1947, is not unlike the Sunday reading, 'for entertainment and instruction', of a simpler age, except that the sentimental-religious-ethical tendency has become sentimental-political-ethical. Even the slightest of the items here has Brechtian peculiarities: notably, the element of sentimentality reduced to a minimum by the economy of procedure, the *almost* stiff upper lip.

At his best Brecht demonstrates that great gift of knowing just how much to say: the sharp essentials undulled by elaboration. We feel he must have known intimately the audience he was addressing – himself and a circle of friends, perhaps, after all. At other times (in this book, with 'The Buddha's Parable of the Burning House') we feel that there is more to be said. Not merely more that could be said – there is always that, of course – but more that *ought* to be said, considering what *is* said. One of 'Mr Keuner's Anecdotes' printed here may strike us as having a sinister relevance on this point: 'The thinking man does not use too much light, nor too much bread, nor an idea too many.' In his book Martin Esslin quotes a remark made by Brecht shortly before his death – 'The naive is an aesthetic category, the most concrete of all' – and we wonder whether that recommendation might not be even more applicable to a truncheon.

> Alas, we
> Who wanted to prepare the ground
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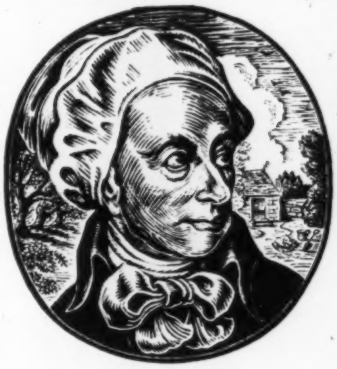

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Could not ourselves be friendly

– perhaps the words 'truth' and 'truthful' could be substituted. In the same poem, 'To Posterity', the sophisticated Brecht, though still without the aid of anything that could truly be termed irony, raises these same doubts, these embarrassments:

For we knew indeed . . .
Even anger against injustice
Makes the voice hoarse.

The poem ends, 'Think of us with forbearance.' As we must – though we may still maintain that a marching song is of little interest except to those marching and that to defend the bad against the worse is sometimes to prevent the better from emerging.

The best things in the *Calendar* are not the prose parables, in which the moral is either too obvious or (in the case of 'Caesar and his Legionary') too obscure, but the poems: 'Children's Crusade 1939', and above all 'Legend of the Origin of the Book Tao Te Ching on Lao Tzu's Way into Exile', where one is conscious only of a proper and powerful sparseness, not a tendentious 'economy'. Similarly 'Questions of a Studious Working Man' (*Fragen eines lesenden Arbeiters*), with its telling lines which have nothing to do with any party lines –

Had Byzantium, much praised in song,
Only palaces for its inhabitants? . . .
Young Alexander conquered India.
Was it he alone?
Caesar defeated the Gauls.
Did he not have a cook at least in his service?
Philip of Spain wept when his armada
Had sunk. Was he the only one to weep?

Only the title could be considered exceptionable.

Brecht was a 'thaw' writer – the thaw being largely of his own making; his intelligence, helped probably by his sturdy egotism, kept him for a lot of the time in a state of free artistic activity. This present compilation is perhaps a piece of book-making on his part. But it is well worth having, and the translations are a good deal more than competent.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Brutalities

The World of James McNeill Whistler. By HORACE GREGORY. *Hutchinson*. 25s.

It is now almost commonplace that the arts, and especially the literature, of the late 19th century are more relevant than was once thought to the great experiments of the 20th. And we still suffer, as a consequence of a long period of misunderstanding and neglect, from a remarkable famine of information on all sorts of central topics and persons. Anybody looking for a useful book to write need not look far in this period; the questions stand in rows waiting to be answered, and there is often the prospect of original manuscript material to work with. If the candidate prefers not to tackle the obvious larger personalities – Wilde, Moore, Gissing – there remain considerable minor figures: Davidson, Symons, Lionel Johnson, Gray, Beardsley. Who will write a book about Bedford Park? Who, knowing Ricketts and Shannon, will deal with their circle, or even try to explain why certain unfashionable painters – Watts or Puvis de Chavannes or above all Moreau – seemed as important as Wagner or Baudelaire?

A good book on Whistler and his 'world' would undoubtedly qualify as a gap-filler. There is probably not much to be learnt about his opinions, on which he was very explicit, and there may not be any recoverable jokes to add to the canon, or any overlooked scandals. The broad outline of his life is well known, though a very diligent biographer could probably find more detail (he might have to visit both Leningrad and West Point to do it). But the good book would also deal with less determinable issues, and not only look carefully at Paris during Whistler's *Trilby* period but examine the whole complex of causes which resulted, for instance, in Whistler's being turned loose in Leyland's house to decorate, in 1876, the Peacock Room.

So it must have seemed attractive to have a book about Whistler and his 'world' written by a poet and literary historian with a taste for painting; and Mr Gregory renders thanks to a learned foundation and to several learned men, so that one really can expect something new and exact from his book. This expectation is disappointed. Given the subject and the author, it would be reasonable to hope at least for elegance. There is none. The prose is at best pedestrian, at worst clumsy to the point of unintelligibility.

> A petition had been drawn up which included Millais' name (and since Millais had married Mrs Ruskin, *née* Effie Gray, and therefore had small respect for Ruskin's opinion he was glad to sign) and sent a letter to the Corporation urging it to buy the Carlyle.

This is a sample, not an isolated lapse. Furthermore, there are inaccuracies of all sorts: in proper names ('Charles Condor'), in French (*nature morf*), Italian (if 'Quarto Cento' is meant to be Italian) and English. In a book which aspires to topographical accuracy Speke Hall is placed 'at the seaside'. Pater's remark about the arts and music is first quoted correctly, and then incorrectly. Sources of information are not normally indicated (a very unhappy economy in a book of this kind) and there is no sign that the author has discovered any new ones. If this sounds too severe, it should be noted that the book has some scholarly pretentions, and also, with reference to the mistakes, that it appeared some time ago in America, and has not, it seems, been corrected.

All this would be forgiven, no doubt, if the book was in other respects brilliant or stimulating. But on the whole the handling of ideas is naive. Mr Gregory does indeed offer one hypothesis which is new to me, namely that Whistler's later career was in part determined by childhood visits to Cameron's Chinese Room in Catherine's palace at Tsarkoe Selo. This is certainly interesting; Cameron, apparently, was exporting the English 18th-century *goût chinois*, and it is pleasant to think of England recovering its lost Chinese romanticism through a forgotten Scots artist, a Tsar determined to have a Moscow-St Petersburg railway, a West Point engineer who went out to build it, and Whistler's mother, who took the boy to the palace. But of course there were other forces at work, and the theory is only a bright idea, though Mr Gregory makes a lot of it. Another of his interesting suggestions, this time only in the margin, is that Beardsley might have been affected by the surreptitious imitations of obscene Fuseli drawings made for Houghton by Rosa Corder. But such ideas want looking into, not merely throwing out. How likely is Beardsley to have seen them? He is, after all, a part of Whistler's world, which admittedly has a timespan of daunting dimensions – from the heyday of Rossetti to the trial of Wilde.

These may not seem important matters, and it would be fair to say that Mr Gregory does modify the usual image of Whistler by emphasising his paranoid gloom at the expense of his wit. He also stresses the degree to which Whistler was a failure, especially in portraiture. Quoting Wilde on this subject of Whistler overworking his portraits, Mr Gregory unintentionally opens another interesting line of enquiry: Wilde compared the portraits to Balzac's *chef'oeuvre inconnu*, a destructive analogy applied later to Mallarmé, and, most famously, by Yeats to the *Cantos*. Balzac was more important to the Aesthetic and Symbolist movements than one might suppose, and this story was a handy and dreadful warning against excessive attention to form.

Gregory's view of Whistler is on the whole Jamesian: American innocence debauched by Europe. (In fact Henry Adams says explicitly, 'brutalised by the brutalities of his world'.) This disapproval, as in Adams, is combined with strong admiration, even pride; one sees that Whistler's appeal to expatriate Americans at any rate would be strong. As Pound said in his poem 'To Whistler, American':

You also, our first great,
Had tried all ways;
Tasted and pried and worked in many fashions,
And this much gives me heart to play
the game.

As a matter of fact, a good part of this poem of Pound's is no more than a paraphrase of Arthur Symons's obituary of Whistler, which is not merely a very good essay in itself but a far more serviceable aid to our understanding of what the artist meant to his younger contemporaries than anything this book has to say.

FRANK KERMODE

Krushchev and Russia

The Khrushchev Phase. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hale.* 25*s.*

The Grand Tactician. Krushchev's Rise to Power. By LAZAR PISTRAK. *Thames & Hudson.* 28*s.*

Mr Alexander Werth is one of the stars among the Anglo-Saxon foreign correspondents of the last 25 years or more. In the present book, which is based principally on a long visit to the Soviet Union in 1959-60, after an absence of 11 years, his customary political insight and literary fluency have not deserted him. His title contains the word 'phase' to indicate the 'state of flux and transition' in which Russia still is, rather than 'epoch', which would suggest 'something complete, with clearly-defined limits and contours.' He has most convincingly depicted the mentality and the way of life of the upper middle class, or 'state bourgeoisie', of Soviet society – the social stratum which lies just below the ruling group and well above the mass of clerical and manual workers. Mr Werth writes of the people and problems that he knows, and commendably refrains from generalising about those which he does not. There is virtually no mention of the rural half of the population (whom no western observer, not even one as talented and informed as Mr Werth, can genuinely get to know). Nor is there any discussion of the 45 per cent of the population who are not Russians: the only 'nationality' which receives a chapter is the Jewish community, on which he has some interesting things to say.

Mr Werth's friends and acquaintances there are supporters of the regime, members or admirers of the Communist Party. Their reasons for supporting it are clearly stated, and compel the respect of any fair-minded reader. But they are by no means uncritical. Their comments on literature are especially revealing. Here is no steam-rollered unanimity, and very little of the pervasive fear of the Stalin era. Mr Werth discusses frankly the housing problem and the plans for the creation of boarding schools. He has a fascinating chapter on Soviet views of sex and of sexual education for the young. A chapter on Soviet music brings up to date his treatment of a subject on which he showed his expertise in an earlier work. A large part of this book is devoted to foreign policy, on which he puts the Soviet view clearly and intelligently, without intruding his own opinions.

Reading Mr Werth, one is reminded of a paradox which existed in Russia long before Lenin, of the contrast between the charm and hospitality of Russian people and the self-righteous chauvinism with which they regard the rest of the world. The form which this takes today is the dogmatic identification of the progress of the human race and the interests of the working class with the will of the leaders of the CPSU. They are shocked to find that the Poles and Hungarians were 'anti-Russian'. It never seems to occur to them that these nations might have reasons for being anti-Russian, and might wish to live their own lives. One remembers the poem by Pushkin, 'To the Slanderers of Russia', in which that great poet and noble champion of liberty poured forth his chauvinist hatred of the insurgent Polish nation and its European friends.

It is also extremely hard to take seriously the official Soviet arguments about the German danger. This is not to question either the accuracy of Mr Werth's picture or the sincerity of Russians to whom he spoke. But it simply does not make sense for the Soviet leaders to claim that their vast empire can be threatened by the Federal Republic. And the theory of the immanent bloodthirsty bellicosity of Germans is something akin to anti-semitism. Just as *Der Stürmer* claimed that all Jews have in their blood a viciousness which nothing can remove, the anti-German racialists, whether in Moscow or elsewhere, assert that there is something in the essence of Germans which makes them incapable of ever learning the lessons of their own history. But illogically enough an exception is made for the Germans of the DDR (ex-Nazis and all). Yet it is surely at least arguable that the heirs to the SS are Ulbricht's police, and that the aim of Soviet policy is not defence against the non-existent neo-Nazi militarism of Adenauer, but the separation of West Germany from its western allies, the absorption of all Germany into the Soviet bloc, and the use of this Fourth Reich as the means of conquering the rest of Europe. The past record of Soviet policy does not suggest, to put it mildly, that such an interpretation is ridiculous.

The 22nd Congress of the CPSU has focused attention on the personality of Krushchev. Mr Pistrak has taken great pains to explore Krushchev's earlier career, digging up obscure Soviet newspaper sources, in Ukrainian as well as in Russian. The most significant points that emerge are, firstly, that Krushchev made his career in close association with Kaganovich, and secondly, that in the Great Purge of 1936-1938 not only was Krushchev a leading witch-hunter, but that in the violence of his public denunciations of the 'enemies of the people' and in the sycophancy of his public attitude to Stalin he greatly exceeded both Malenkov and Molotov.

HUGH SETON-WATSON

2

Drawn into Protest

Go Well, Stay Well. By HANNAH STANTON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.* = 2.34

The arrest of Hannah Stanton in Pretoria in March 1960 was only one of many arbitrary acts by the South African government. Compared with the massacre at Sharpville a few days earlier, it seemed a minor affair. Yet in fact it was one of the major stupidities of a frightened regime. It brought into the limelight someone who was not only a very charming woman (and therefore good news value) but someone who had gone to South Africa without any intention of becoming a protagonist for the African cause. Her involvement with African politics had arisen spontaneously from her first-hand experience of the behaviour of the Nationalist authorities. Her arrest compelled her to give public testimony against its barbarity – hence this book.

Unlike Trevor Huddleston and Father Jarrett-Kerr, Hannah Stanton was never by training or inclination a professional missionary. She had graduated in English at London University, taken a social science diploma, worked as an almoner, helped the Friends Relief Service in Europe and finally taken a degree in Theology at Oxford. She went to South Africa in August 1956, intending merely to enjoy a six months holiday. When she was urged to take the vacant post of warden to the Anglican Mission in Lady Selborne, near Pretoria, she disliked the whole idea. Loving her comfort, and conscious of her own ability, she had loftier plans for

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some high-powered career in social work. Yet when she was deported from South Africa three years later, she wept at being torn away from the Mission and the life of the African location with which she had become so completely merged. The Africans had claimed another European heart.

This book is the story of how Hannah Stanton became 'committed' as all her predecessors had done. As warden of Tumelong Mission she became identified with the lives of the Africans from the inside, instead of regarding them as a 'problem' or an object for charity. And in this position the real meaning of apartheid broke over her in a series of shocks. She soon found that it stood for physical brutality. Within four weeks of her arrival a peaceful meeting of Africans in support of the bus boycott, which was held on a plot of land outside the Mission, was violently broken up by the police. Men, women and children were gratuitously beaten up. 'From that moment onwards,' she writes, 'I was committed to the African cause.' Her protest to the authorities put the first black mark against her name.

But she quickly grasped the more sophisticated hypocrisies of apartheid. Living in Lady Selborne she learned what the ownership of freehold meant to the African. The location had its slums, of course, but it also had many comfortable and well-cared-for homes. It also enjoyed a healthy site and a superb view. But she found that this colourful and integrated African community was doomed to die, its people to be uprooted to hygienic municipal locations further away from white Pretoria. In the new estates Africans are broken up into tribes again, rents are high and the tenants totally dependent on the goodwill of the authorities. The woman who had come to South Africa without any political ideas was to write as angrily as any African: 'The whites are envious of this area and want to possess it.' She was to realise, too, that other Nationalist 'reforms', such as the Bantu Education Act, were an expression, not of 'separation with justice', but of white arrogance.

And so, time and again, she was drawn into protest. For this crime, in the panic round-up after Sharpeville, she experienced the knock on the door in the night, the sense of helplessness in the hands of the police, arrest and imprisonment. In the isolation and squalor of gaol her sense of identification with African suffering became complete. This vivid little book is alive with it.

BARBARA CASTLE

Canterbury to Rome

The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman. Volume XI. Edited by CHARLES STEPHEN DESSAIN. *Nelson. 63s.*

The complete edition of Cardinal Newman's letters is planned to appear in no less than 30 good-sized volumes: those written during his life as a Catholic are all to be published before those he wrote during the first half of his life. Hence the present Volume XI is the first of the long series to come. It begins with the numerous letters to friends announcing his long-expected change of allegiance from Canterbury to Rome, and ends with the writer in the College of Propaganda in Rome, preparing for his re-ordination, only 15 months later.

Though pervaded by an atmosphere of peace and fulfilment – typical of the new convert but deepened by the sense of release from an insupportable situation – these letters reflect the energy with which Newman tackles the practical problems of his re-adaptation. He is predominantly concerned with the many friends who have preceded or are following him on the path to Rome or wavering at the crossroads, and one is struck first of all by the personal intensity of his friendships with these others: his sensitivity to the individual character and circumstances of his correspondents always qualifies his proselytising zeal; while entreating or almost goading some of them into the fold he is warning others to look before they leap. Secondly, the allusions to conversions present or impending reminds us of what a rent was torn in the Anglican Establishment by Newman's defection from it. These intimacies are related to what was felt as a national event, a scandal that relegated Corn Laws and Free Trade to the background of public discussion; a cultural revolt in which Oxford University, released from the spell of Newman's religious eloquence, suddenly awakened into a merely secular world.

Thirdly, what of the letters that contain clues to the intellectual position which finally left him no alternative but to change his religion? Perhaps the most interesting of these are to Henry Wilberforce (in particular that of 4 July 1846) on the Papal supremacy. Newman's declaration that he personally believes in the Church, not on the evidence of the first Apostles, but from faith in its continuing existence as the historical fact which includes their evidence, reminds one of what Dean Inge said of Newman's mental disposition, that it was poles apart from any Platonic belief in universals. His implicit theory of knowledge was in its way as 'sensationalist' as Locke's: 'first principles were abstractions from facts, not elementary truths prior to reasoning'. Thus he really rejected, or disregarded, the appeal to reason on which the Catholic natural theology was based: his assent to the Church was to its concrete reality, as the most integral and enduring Christian community. Such a position can be made to look absurd if it is used (as he occasionally did use it) to justify popular superstition, but it is not at all absurd in itself. It was the essentially modern element in his mind which made him so perplexing to the people most interested in him. His ecclesiological view had nothing in common with the Gothic revivalism and medievalism of his times, even if there was some of that sentiment in the Anglican Catholic movement of which he was the chief creator and indubitable leader It is perhaps not insignificant that he had a relative dislike for Gothic architecture compared with the classic, as we see here in the letters from Italy.

But spiritual traditionalism combined with a glorified empiricism was bound to be even less comprehensible to his new co-religionists than to those he had to desert. This was to lead to his long, frustrating but invaluable struggle for a Catholic education capable of coping with the 'new learning' ruled by the modern sciences. In his attempts to create a corresponding Catholic journalism, his

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liberalising insights were almost as liable to suspicion from liberal Catholics as from Ultramontanes. All this belongs to the later volumes, but even here, while he is still but a neophyte in Rome, we find him under fire for his book on the development of Christian doctrine – from members of the hierarchy not in Rome, but in America.

Thirty volumes of letters may well seem too much of a good thing, including, as it does, all the repetitions of the same things to different correspondents; and when the best letters must have been published long before. On the other hand, this greatest of English Catholic figures since the Reformation, besides being one of the finest and most fascinating of all letter writers, is the best example of his own saying that 'a man's life is in his letters'. And this project of total publication, we learn from the Introduction, is embarked upon partly to correct what biographers have made of him. Thus the Editor (himself a member of the Birmingham Oratory that Newman founded) hopes that the tragic and frustrated, even hypersensitive hero of Wilfrid Ward's monumental biography will be increasingly balanced by the brighter, more natural and serener aspects of his character. This is fair enough. It is not quite so fair to quote Wilfrid Ward's sister's remark about him (made during the Modernist controversy), that he was 'a prodigious blab'. Those words were written by Newman himself about their father nearly half a century earlier; and their repetition applied to the son by a critical sister is not evidence. But this is a trifling blemish in a highly informative and valuable Introduction.

PHILIP MAIRET

From Russia, with Love

Winter's Tales 7. Edited by C. P. SNOW and PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 18*s*.

Tales from the Don. By MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV. Translated by H. C. Stevens. *Putnam.* 18*s*.

New Writers I. *Calder.* 18*s*.; paperback 11*s*. 6*d*.

A Handful of Time. By HELEN FOLEY. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s*.

The Wilderness-Stone. By ROBERT NATHAN. *W. H. Allen.* 13*s*. 6*d*.

This year's *Winter's Tales* all come from modern Russia. They make a rewarding, substantial collection, and it would be a pity if anyone was put off by the introduction which stands like a dragon at the mouth of the cave. A pity, but understandable, since C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson discuss the Russian scene with a complacency which would be merely fatuous if one had never heard of Babel, Pasternak and people like that, not to mention Zhdanov, Surkov and people like *that*. To argue blandly that God's in his Kremlin, all's right with the world, is in fact the surest way of raising political issues which are mercifully irrelevant to the stories themselves.

Two tales in particular linger in the mind. In Tendryakov's 'Potholes' a lorry overturns on a remote country road, and a boy on board is severely injured. Trying to reach a doctor in time, the driver pleads with a local official for the loan of a tractor, but red tape proves stronger than compassion; he has to make do with a horse and cart, and the boy dies in agony. Tendryakov combines Russian warmth and directness with a style which conveys every lurch and jolt of the journey, and a Kiplingesque feeling for machinery. Much shorter, but equally moving, is Paustovsky's 'The Telegram', a story on traditional lines about a woman in Leningrad caught up in her career and not bothering to visit her ailing, old-fashioned mother until it is too late. The ostensible moral is that we shouldn't neglect our elderly relatives, but the general implication that we should care for the past is almost as strong.

The other stories are interesting chiefly as illustrations of present-day Russian life, though Tvardovsky's anecdote about an old craftsman and an army major helping a teacher to build a stove could have been written at any time in the last 100 years. It's a clever study of the amateur and professional temperaments, but the author holds the balance skilfully, and the imperturbable stove-maker doesn't have it all his own way; the major, enthusiastic, clumsy, compulsively scribbling bad verse, is a sympathetic figure. Yevdokimov's heroine is a housemaid, entranced by the glamour of life in the big city until a chance meeting reminds her of the suitor whom she should never have rejected, and she realises that her happiness has been second-hand, bathed in the 'light from other people's windows'. Zalygin's 'Bob' is more sophisticated, a contorted comedy about a nonentity thrust by accident into a high scientific post; there is a background of repulsive academic intrigue, not so very different from the home life of our own dear Lewis Eliot.

The only dud in the collection is 'One Man's Life', by Sholokhov, a story-within-a-story about a soldier who survives slave labour under the Germans only to learn that his entire family has been wiped out, but finds the strength to endure by taking a war-orphan under his wing. Sholokhov cashes in on our inevitable response to Nazi butchery, but the piece seems to me straight propaganda, full of wooden heroics and 'salty' wisdom of the Krushchev variety. Sholokhov's gift for describing scenery and violent action hasn't altogether deserted him, but how far he has declined can be gauged by comparing the present story with the ones written in the mid-20s and gathered together as *Tales from the Don*. The peasants in the early stories are often in conflict with the young Soviet regime, and there's no shortage of bloodshed: the knout and the rifle are everywhere, party organisers are hacked to pieces, kulak fathers slaughter their children. But the brutality is registered from the inside; only in the later story does it seem offhand and unconvincing.

I'm afraid that a Soviet reader would find his worst suspicions of bourgeois literature confirmed in the three stories – from France, England and Italy – which make up Calder's *New Writers I*. In 'The Catfish', by Monique Lange, a girl drifts through the homosexual half-world of post-war Paris and settles for being a queer's girl; it's inoffensive, but the dialogue is stilted and the characterisation whittled down to vanishing-point. 'Buster', by Alan Burns, is the kind of thing which lots of us commit to exercise-books when we're 17 and blush to recollect when we're 18; the hero's a wet of the first water, through whose schooldays and growing-pains we straggle aimlessly. In comparison, Dino Buzzati's 'The Scala Scare', a leaden satire about rumours of an insurrection which start a panic at a smart Milan premiere, is at least coherent.

Helen Foley's *A Handful of Time* is a respectable library novel, ladylike if rather tepid, about two Newnham girls whose lives

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and loves become entwined across the years. Frances, terribly nice and terribly English, marries a staid economist; Fanny, passionate and Viennese, doesn't marry curly-headed Patrick, a don with a strong line in Wimsical allusive patter. The Cambridge local colour is laid on thick but quite enjoyable: at the end of it all, though, I'd heard as much as I wanted to about Patrick and his Fanny. *The Wilderness-Stone*, a phrase culled from Stephen Vincent Benét, symbolises 'the dream of freedom'. Ill at ease in contemporary California, Mr Nathan – or his narrator – dreams rather a lot about the freedom of Greenwich Village in the 20s, in a sustained reverie about Edna, Elinor, Dorothy and the old Algonquin crowd that might have come straight from Perelman. I wonder why he didn't write a straightforward memoir, instead of mixing up his reminiscences with hokum about reincarnation and the Beyond.

John Gross

Personalities

Gislebertus, Sculptor of Autun. By Denis Grivot and George Zarnecki. *Trianon and Collins*. 70*s*.

The Sculpture of Marino Marini. By Helmut Lederer and Eduard Trier. *Thames & Hudson*. 84*s*.

All that the art of the modern world has revealed depends (so it seems) on one basic discovery: the discovery, or rediscovery, of the artist. With our own art we know where we are. We are in the company of identifiable, idiosyncratic people; the cult of it is the cult of the individual. With most of the art before it and outside it we conspicuously do not know. That art, the real *other* art, is anonymous and thus apparently communal. Its effect is general, enveloping, numinous. We never identify in it the kind of specific, private purpose that makes the art of our own world.

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ROBERT HALE

Perhaps this is due simply to ignorance. If we had enough work by one particular Negro carver, perhaps we could relate one of his masks to as personal a direction of thought as we can the picture that Picasso, for example, derives from it. Possibly, but on the whole more likely not. The question is clearly a loaded one; our ignorance touches a matter that is going to vex us more and more every year. We simply do not know how far the personal definition of art that we are pursuing really describes anything but the kind of art the Renaissance made for us, the kind some of us fondly suppose we are leaving behind.

Some aspects of the problem are open to exact study. We could certainly know more than we do, for instance, about the immediate prehistory of the modern conception of artistic individuality. There are a number of signatures in medieval art, after all, and a few of them, mostly in manuscripts, have enough work attached to yield some impression of an artist's production. But the most remarkable case is a certain Gislebert, who boldly inscribed his name at Autun on what is by far the largest group of Romanesque sculpture that can be assigned to a single man. There if anywhere we might break through the veil. Fortunately Gislebert is the subject of just the right kind of book (which now appears in English), a monument of method and affectionate insight, illustrated by an array of plates to beat any popular album on its own ground.

Gislebert was a sculptor of considerable stature by any standards. He must have brought a pattern-book with him from the headquarters of Burgundian Romanesque at Cluny but his use of it was distinctly original. Everything was enriched – characterised, grooved, ribbed, beaded and drilled, flamboyantly fringed and arcaded – until the formula vanished under a crust of pattern. We become aware that what formed this crust was not only the pressing and individual sense of pattern but a pressing sense of the material of life which the received formulation would no longer cover. One has the impression of a half-naive impatience with whatever could not be brought real and vivid to the face of the stone. What was most personal in this kind of style was necessarily the most primitive and literal element in it. But Gislebert was knitting himself the sort of formal system (the authors collect a fascinating anthology of it at the end of the book) in which the shape of each new individual imagining would eventually no longer need to be extemporised afresh each time.

The impression of realism and humanity that emerges from the capitals at Autun is confirmed by the Eve which remains from the destroyed North Door, a figure of quite extraordinary naturalness and substance. (Epstein may have looked at it; certainly few Romanesque carvings touch us so nearly.) But when we come to the tympanum of the Last Judgment, which was the culmination and masterpiece of Gislebert's ten years at Autun, the situation is altogether more complex. The style and the personal standpoint change as the subject changes. The naturalness and the canon of physical proportion that goes with it are progressively attenuated to render the divine until, in the figure of Christ that reigns in the middle, the form is flat, as if stretched by the tension of the mystery, disembodied, almost concave.

The inconsistency of style itself is full of meaning, though it does not lead one to agree with Malraux's description of Gislebert as 'a Romanesque Cézanne'. (The consistent stylist of the movement was the sculptor who carved the tympanum at Vézelay, and apparently displaced a work by Gislebert to do it.) The taut flatness of the Christ has the look of architecture; it seems to share the substance of the church. We are aware that the whole building is made of the same stuff. Gislebert in fact carves various orders of reality, an ascending sequence, and the highest, the most serene and fearsome and least human, is in another sense the most real because it is seen to be of a piece with the real church that surrounds us.

It is an extraordinary achievement, but can we entirely credit it to the artist who signed it? The figure of Christ is not only a manifestation of the stony structure of the church; it also manifests, when we see it in its historical context, something more prosaic – a reversion from Gislebert's normally inventive manner to one much nearer the Cluny style in which he was brought up. Is it possible that the very profundity of the effect that the variation of style makes is due not to creative resource so much as a relapse into convention or the intervention of episcopal conservatism? Even when we know so much about a medieval artist there is in fact an ambiguity in his role, a margin of doubt round what is evidently personal and unique.

My own guess, founded, as much as on anything else, on the invention of the two angels who support the mandorla in which Christ sits – so precisely shaped to mediate between the several levels of realisation – would be that Gislebert was as aware of his situation as we are (and conceivably in the same doubt). The signature itself suggests that he was fairly content. Possibly the sense of a metaphoric poetry of material and form which envelops us when we walk under the tympanum at Autun – and in the presence of some of the great compound achievements of modern art – is never due only to the personal force of art, but to the common ground of it, to a place or a convention, the common architecture, the stone, the paint itself.

Plenty of the art of the present reflects various and discrepant orders of reality. The trouble now is that the split is apt to come horizontally, down the very life-line of an artist, tearing him apart as he concedes by turns to what is expected of him and what he expects of himself. Looking at the creatures of Marini, which are well illustrated in what is a graceful and workmanlike anthology of his sculpture rather than a full-scale monograph, we realise that simply the effort of keeping steady and remaining whole absorbs most of the creative energy and accounts for most of the achievement. When the kind of elementary humanity that Marini is concerned with is so beset, the achievement is a real one. Even to be whole and still, just being, not even riding the horse, just sitting on it, holding to a rudimentary dumpling-like existence, is a victory. When the doom, miracle, apocalypse or whatever it is sets in (as it must) and we get to thinking of what is in these terms unthinkable, then all that is left of the humanity is a pathetic vestige, hanging hopelessly on the upside-down geometry. Perhaps it is *really* pathetic. But if the pathos is only in the failure, our failure and Marini's, it will look in the long run merely curious.

Lawrence Gowing

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

By No Means a Fool

DAVID DREW

Opera is the Adlerian art-form *par excellence*. It survives, and occasionally triumphs, only through the effort to compensate for the deformity to which it is born. The rose-cavalier needs its invisible worm as the pearl needs its grain of sand; an opera which united consistently great music with consistently great poetry would have no reason for its existence. In the country of opera, only the one-eyed poet is king.

There have not been many regal librettists, and in our own century only one: Hugo von Hofmannsthal. No operatic partnership is better documented than that of Hofmannsthal and Strauss, and now, with the publication of their correspondence in a fine new translation,* English readers can approach the throne from a new direction. Inevitably and fruitfully, it becomes less of a mystery. But at the same time one discovers more complexity than might have been guessed from the works alone.

At first, it all seems very simple. No one will dispute Hofmannsthal's self-estimate. 'I know the worth of my work,' he wrote in one of the letters,

> I know that for many generations past no distinguished poet of the rank with which I may credit myself among the living, has dedicated himself willingly and devotedly to the task of working for a musician.

But there is still a question to be asked. If Hofmannsthal was a poet of major stature, why did he spend a great part of his creative energies in the service of another artist? Hofmannsthal, who was nothing if not introspective, asked himself this question so often that one can only suppose conscience was hinting that his favourite answer was more comfortable than true. He says that he is stimulated by 'the prospect of the beauty which will be called into being by a union of our two arts . . . a perfect harmony of seeing and hearing'. In his more aggressive moments he stresses the satisfaction he finds in saving Strauss from his lower self; and through this conceit he lets us see more of his own self than he intends.

'We musicians are known for our poor taste in aesthetic matters', says Strauss with quite genuine perplexity, and Hofmannsthal's reply, in effect, is a gleeful 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' He takes every opportunity to rub Strauss's nose in his own alleged shortcomings – these are the 'frank criticisms' for which he is so much admired. But while one finely gloved hand is reaching for a little mud, the other is raised placatingly in a gesture of *'mea culpa'*. The frequent professions that he is little qualified to speak about purely musical matters would be more convincing if they were not so often followed by quite specific musical demands. 'And somehow, in my barbaric manner, I do know what it is all about' is a neat compression of his very qualified modesty in matters pertaining to music.

The more one examines the great rolling sands of Hofmannsthal's letters beside the short clear waves of Strauss's, the more shifty they seem. As the relationship develops, Hofmannsthal becomes increasingly assertive of his intellectual superiority, launching into quite unnecessary aesthetic dissertations which are only a disguised kind of intellectual bullying. The straight kicks are far less hurtful than the sly backward jabs with the heel while he is pretending to be occupied with some abstract problem. Before long, poor Strauss is quite bemused, and cannot stop himself from prefacing every suggestion he makes with such remarks as 'Don't be angry', or 'You'll probably say: Trash' or 'superficial musicians like myself . . . .'

One of the most illuminating things in the whole correspondence is the episode of *Josephslegende*. Strauss confessed that he found little inspiration in 'this God-seeker Joseph'; there is something rather refreshing about the crude candour of this expression, but of course Hofmannsthal responded in his most Olympian manner. 'As I see him', said Hofmannsthal of Joseph,

> you would have to look for the music . . . in the purest region of your brain, where the imagination soars to the heights, to the pure clear air of mountain glaciers, to keen absolute intellectual freedom – a region to which, I know, you readily and easily soar.

One can hardly read this last remark without a shudder. Hofmannsthal was surely aware of its virulent irony; otherwise, the end of this same letter is uncharacteristically inconsistent, for he suggests that Strauss might find Joseph more appealing if he cast his mind back to his own adolescence:

> whether there was a Potiphar's wife or not, there must have been something lofty, radiant, hardly attainable above you, waiting to be taken by force . . .

For all his high-flown ideals, there was something coldly knowing about Hofmannsthal, and many will find it more unattractive than Strauss's famous vulgarity, which at least was straight. Hofmannsthal audibly sniffs whenever Strauss asks him for thunderstorms, battles or the like, and every well-bred intellectual nostril automatically follows suit. But in fact these simple, elemental things have always been the very stuff of dramatic music. The 'refined' choral music of the Renaissance is full of it. We find it in the 'classical' Gluck as in the 'outrageous' Meyerbeer and the 'intellectual' Schoenberg.

The truth is that Hofmannsthal's pose of superiority was in the last resort defensive. If he had really believed himself to be a man of such superior sensibility, he would not have gone to such great, and sometimes cringing, lengths to make Strauss the vessel of his ideas. For his own peace of mind he may have persuaded himself that Strauss was Aaron to his Moses. In 1911 he writes in true mandarin style that 'the public is never *altogether* wrong': 16 years later, Strauss is still saying, with more justice, that 'the audience . . . always sense what is right and grasp what is true'. In the pretended arrogance of Hofmannsthal's comment and the confidence of Strauss's lies one clue to the real inequality between them. The other clue is the cold fury with which Hofmannsthal fell upon Strauss whenever he failed to comprehend the 'higher meanings' of a libretto. As if explaining mathematics to a child, Hofmannsthal would unravel the symbolism, and Strauss would say how clear and beautiful it was to him now, and how stupid he had been. But had he been so stupid? The very intensity of Hofmannsthal's fury suggests a hidden fear, the fear that for all his intelligence and technique, he was not fully articulate.

That is the crux of the matter. Hofmannsthal is a prime example of the too cerebral artist. His symbolism was never completely felt through; for that, he needed, and sometimes desperately needed, Strauss – just as in his straight plays he needed Sophocles or Calderon or Molière. The legend has it that Strauss could not meet his creative demands, but in fact it was the other way about. Even during the 1914-18 war Strauss realised that the old days were over, that heroic tragedy had nothing more to offer. He asked for 'a political-satirical parody of the utmost trenchancy' and persisted in that vein. But Hofmannsthal would have none of it. The Strauss who in 1906 was attracted by Büchner, that most modern of German classics, might have been better served after the war by Sternheim or even Kaiser than by the nostalgic, regressive Hofmannsthal. We would have been denied the dark, golden splendours of *Die Aegyptische Helena*, but we might have had something which glowed with a new light, perhaps even that same light which Hofmannsthal himself at last acknowledged, bravely if bitterly, in the prologue to Brecht's *Baal* which he wrote three years before his death: 'Our time is unredeemed; and do you know what it wants to be redeemed from . . . The individual.'

The work of Strauss and Hofmannsthal is one of the last great operatic monuments to the individual, and Strauss's own flamboyant egocentricity contributed more to it than

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**The Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal.* Translated by Hanns Hammelmann and Ewald Osers, with an introduction by Edward Sackville-West. *Collins.* 63*s*.

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PETER DAVIES

Hofmannsthal's abstractions. But there is much that is fine and moving in their relationship and despite the profound ambivalence on Hofmannsthal's side, there was real devotion between them. This has been stressed often enough, and the splendid new edition of the correspondence will confirm it. But it would be a pity if Hofmannsthal's wily intellectual constructions lead others to believe his own very necessary fiction – that Strauss was the fine but crippled workman, he the finer seer and the ultimate overseer. In truth it was Strauss who was the major artist – though from his greater height he could fall lower – and if the wider definition of intelligence includes the heart and implies the heart's capacity to know the more direct way to truth, then Strauss's was the greater intelligence. We should not condescendingly leave Strauss as Hofmannsthal leaves him 'with best regards from your librettist, who considers you by no means a fool and is very well disposed towards you'. By no means.

Syd or Seed

JOHN COLEMAN

What with Aleksander Ford's *Knights of the Teutonic Order* during that Polish week at the Curzon (I might have mentioned that London's Polish colony, present in force, broke into tumultuous waves of applause when the battle finally went their way), *Nevsky* popping up on BBC television, that hopeless assault by Jews on Romans in Samuel Bronston's production of *King of Kings*, and now Mr Bronston's *El Cid*, clashing and zinging its way through three hours of myth and history at the Metropole, I seem to have spent an inordinate amount of time recently ducking arrows. *El Cid* probably tops the lot for sheer multiplicity of slaughterous occasions. Loosely built around a half-legendary warrior of 11th-century Castile, it fairly chokes the wide screen with a constant swirl of cut-price extras. Indeed that new film kingdom of Mr Bronston's in Spain threatens to create its own history – scarred old men will remember how they fought with Hurd Hatfield under Nicholas Ray, rallied behind Charlton Heston.

Heston, as the Syd or Seed (the sound-track never quite makes its mind up on this), takes his occasions with that old rocking-horse nobility which has carried him through other sagas: he is as unreal as ever, but then so is the saintly dedicated part he is called on to play. Early on, he has one really magnificent jousting-match, a triumph presumably for the director, Anthony Mann, and the camera of Robert (*Henry V*) Krasker, and his end has a macabre poignancy: between these high spots, the film falls away. Sophia Loren, as Chimene, his long-suffering wife, is incredibly beautiful and null. Through deaths, imprisonment and twins, her eye-lashes preserve their black freight of mascara and her lips their immaculate paint, making a mockery both of the blood-and-tears around her and of her genuine talents as an actress. John Fraser turns in a fine, querulous performance as an irresponsible young king and elements of what may yet become Bronston's Spanish Rep. walk gracefully through bit-parts. The score – by Miklos Rozsa, who also composed the sickly accompaniment to *King of Kings* – is swoopingly vulgar: mercifully, the thud of Moorish drums and the ding of broadswords take over from time to time. Committed to carnage and to crowds of costumed men, wending or serried, the director and his cameraman relieve some of the tedium with spasms of finesse. There is that joust, nocturnal hosts with torches outside the gates of besieged Valencia, a virtuoso series of shots of a siege-machine trundling laboriously forwards, culminating in virtuoso idiocy as it trundles visually and stereophonically over our heads like some vagabond tube train.

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The Best of Enemies (Odeon, Leicester Square) was produced by Dino de Laurentiis and directed by Guy Hamilton; two Italians and one Englishman worked on the script; the leading roles show a fair sprinkling of Italian names. If it weren't for all this, I should never have believed that it is seriously intended as a comedy showing up the futility of war and the underlying brotherhood of man. The Italians, in fact, are heavily patronised throughout. The simple, amiable plot hinges on an English major (David Niven) and an Italian captain (Alberto Sordi), wandering around in the Abyssinian desert in 1941, and taking each other prisoner turn and turn about. Sordi, whimpering, histrionic, hypochondriac, and Niven, crisp, hectoring, swinging a golf club, establish an oddly female-male relationship, which not all the high jinks – an impromptu football match, a forest fire, an Abyssinian ambush – can convert into comedy. It would be interesting to know if this Anglo-Italian endeavour is to be screened in Italy: I shouldn't like to be around when it is.

The Pit and the Pendulum (London Pavilion) is billed as 'Edgar Allan Poe's', which is a bit of a fib. True, those awful eponymous objects both occur in the grand-slam finale, but a lot of by-ways absent from Poe's story have been skittered along before then. Roger Corman, the director, and Floyd Crosby, the cameraman, previously worked together on *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and this, too, is their film – allowing always for the slug-lipped, soft-shoed performance of Vincent Price as a loopy encastled grandee. Some of Poe's hushed and ornate diction *has* been preserved, rather well, but the horror mounts more under the camera's guidance than from anything done by the supporting actors. A coffin creaks open, darkened doorways hold menace, the sea bashes away at the castle's foot.

An exhilarating bag of cinematic tricks is rifled, in fact: some torture-chamber flashbacks are done through a purplish-blue filter, faces distort as in a hall of mirrors, and the screen is blocked off now and then to leave a pair of glaring, agonised eyes. Patently, much of this is nonsense, and some of it is just too elegant for horror, but it is the *cinema's* nonsense and elegance: the sort of rhetoric that is inconceivable in any other medium. And it does work – on two or three occasions I nearly reached to pull down the comforting brim of the school cap that wasn't there.

Henry Lamb

DAVID SYLVESTER

The memorial exhibition of Henry Lamb (1883-1960) at the Leicester Galleries is a substantial show for all that it doesn't include any loans from public collections and at least one capital work in a private collection, *The Round Table* belonging to Lord Moyne. Lamb survives the test of an exhibition on this scale decidedly better than British artists generally do – provided, that is, that one doesn't come expecting anything from his work of after about 1930. Among the paintings of his vintage years there is scarcely a dud to be found (apart from two utter aberrations, Nos. 45 and 46). This can't be entirely laid to the credit of the discrimination with which the works have been chosen: the consistency squares with a degree of critical intelligence and taste that is palpable in each individual work. Here was a painter who, as French painters tend to, knew what he was doing, worked in relation to an ideal of art, not an ideal of the artist, as his friend John did, in common with so many British painters.

At the same time, the works leave us too much aware of the mechanics by which life has been translated into art. Lamb seems to have known what he was doing rather too well: an art that has anything of greatness in it always achieves a mysterious tension between the artist's understanding of what he is up to and his exploration of the unknown. Lamb seems to have been unable to let himself go, to risk making a fool of himself – the risk that has had to be taken by every artist of this particular century who has done anything of real consequence. All the same, this exhibition does make the visitor feel he is in the presence of a highly civilised being.

The USIS Gallery at the American Embassy is showing a selection of pictures and sculptures, mostly dating from the first half of the 19th century, from the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Collection of American Folk Art at Williamsburg, Virginia. At the time Mrs Rockefeller began to make this collection, 30 years ago, innocence in art was at a premium, technical deficiencies almost an advantage. Nowadays, we find it difficult to respond with the same shock of excitement to these provincial gropings. And yet the portraits attributed to Ammi Phillips, William Jennys and John Brewster still have a hypnotic power in their sense of naked reality, and the landscapes of Edward Hicks a poetry akin to that of the early Venetians.

The Grosvenor Gallery is showing an extraordinarily interesting exhibition of lithographs, many of them illustrations to Sholem Aleichem, by the Leningrad Jewish artist Anatoli Kaplan. One of my colleagues has said of him that he 'makes more sensitive use of lithography than any other artist alive today': if Picasso is excepted, this seems to me incontrovertible. At the same time, when this writer says that 'Kaplan is one, among only two or three, contemporary artists about whom I am certain posterity will have no doubts', his declaration must be seen in the light of the fact that Kaplan's language of forms belongs wholly to the 19th century, up to and including the early lithography of Vuillard. It seems to me that Kaplan is a delightful illustrator – but an *illustrator* – whose warm, sly, gentle art is quite free – unlike that of Chagall, with whom inevitably he tends to be compared – of whimsy and sentimentality.

Avarice and Alchemy

WILFRID MELLERS

Oddly enough, it has been left to a South African, John Joubert, to discover that *Silas Marner* – produced at Sadler's Wells by the New Opera Workshop in collaboration with the Chelsea Opera Group orchestra – makes an admirable operatic subject. It has action, crisis, and a theme that – depending on conflict between the old, feudal, agrarian world and the new industrialism – may claim the stylisation of 'history', while remaining pertinent to us today. Rachel Trickett's libretto brings out the social implications: though compression has meant some sacrifice of psychological cogency. In the novel Silas's regeneration begins immediately he loses his gold; by the time he mistakes the gold of the child's head for his lost treasure, his rebirth is almost complete. He has realised – with the help of Mrs Winthrop's rural wisdom – that the true gold is neither the nullity of material possession nor the dedication to spirit which had led him to this nullity, insofar as his fanatical religion had rendered him unfit to deal with the world's malice. When he finds Eppie, he finds humanity, in himself as in her. By playing down Mrs Winthrop and allowing Silas's regeneration to start with Eppie's appearance, the libretto makes the central character barely credible; and Mr Joubert's music doesn't help as much as it might here, since Silas's gold-gloating music is of the same kind as his Eppie-ecstasy. Of course the two *are* related; but the gold-gloating, even when hysterical, should surely be pinched, Brummagem pinchbeck – which is transmuted to pure gold by love. The distance between Silas's gold melismata and Eppie's lovely pentatonic-melismatic song at the happy end is too short to carry complete conviction.

Perhaps only Britten could have effected this alchemy of innocence. Though Mr Joubert clearly admires Britten greatly, he is no passive disciple. I'd say that he shares with Britten a remarkable ability both to invent instrumental figurations that grow from expressive and physical gestures in the action, and to build extended scenes with them. He also shares with Stravinsky a fondness for ostinati: a useful technique for a theatre composer, negatively because stretches of an opera must be background to drama, positively because an ostinato can reinforce tension and climax. The test of an opera composer lies in his handling of the transitions from background to foreground – when the physical gestures grow into lyrical monologue or into the dialogue of ensemble, which must depend, not on cumulative repetition, but on harmonic and tonal movement. While Mr Joubert sometimes drives his ostinati hard, he passes this test splendidly. The almost Puccinian moments of lyrical consummation, the Verdian ensembles and the big choruses (especially the boldly simple ground-bass finale) show the integration of musical with theatrical logic that marks the born opera composer. *Silas Marner* has most qualities an honest, 20th-century, popular opera ought to have. Without disrespect to this brave but no more than adequately performed and less than adequately produced trial-run, I'd like to see the piece given its chance in the regular Sadler's Wells repertory.

AESOP-TO-DATE

The Chameleon and the Clown

"You're very clever," said the Clown,
"At doing what you do,
But though I'm no chameleon
I'm quite a mimic too.
If someone stole my Guinness, say,
Then I'd change colour right away.
I'd go quite green with envy if
They took my favourite drink—
A fellow needs one every day
To keep him in the pink,
So if you're ever feeling blue
Then always go and have a few."
"I'm feeling like a Guinness now,"
The saurian replied,
"And if you watch me very close
I'll look like one, beside."
But though he turned a darker hue
He bore no likeness to the brew.
The poor Chameleon blushed at this,
He went a fiery red.
"That's nothing like a Guinness, no!"
The Clown abruptly said.
"But nothing is—you're not to blame—
Except another of the same."
And that's the MORAL of this fable
Guinness is quite in-im-it-able.

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Honeyed Words

ANNABEL FARJEON

A ballet in which the story is danced by certain of the characters, recited by the heroine, and sung by a bard, raises such physical difficulties, such problems of homogeneity, that it is a wonder it should be attempted at all. But Gide's poetry and Stravinsky's music for *Perséphone* are tempting, and I see why Frederick Ashton used this work for his new ballet at Covent Garden. Perséphone speaks but she also dances. Eumolpus sings, with a chorus to back him up. Lilting about on the stage are the rest of the characters in the story: Déméter, the distraught mother, searching for her daughter, waving a torch; Pluton, the sinister abductor; Démophoon, a young man fed by Déméter on ambrosia and her own milk. He also seems to be one of Perséphone's boyfriends, due to give Pluton some anxious hours during the six months when the young Queen comes up from Hades to renew life on earth.

The story starts among the variegated rocks and flowers that are nowadays an accepted version of the Greek landscape. Perséphone, Svetlana Beriosova, moves about among her friends and speaks Gide's poetry with a rich, melodic intensity. Eumolpus sings, the chorus leads the action on. This combination of dancing and singing is at times most beautiful. But Perséphone herself has too little movement, lest she should get out of breath. With long, cunning gestures she wanders about and stops, poised and alert, to recite the next delicate phrase. Pluton arrives, ravishes her, takes her down to Hades. The designer has not created a hell worthy of the brother of Poseidon and Zeus. In the old days the Greeks turned their faces away when they sacrificed their black sheep to the underworld, and they knew that the only sounds to reach his ears below the earth were the oaths and curses of men. Mr Ashton has been a little wishy-washy about it too. Keith Rosson, as the villain, looks so much more palatable, with his long dark curls, than Démophoon and Mercure, with their golden Marcel waves. Alexander Grant is a lonely Mercure, which is perhaps in character, but not seemingly deliberate. This dancer's inability to make much contact with his fellows on the stage gives him the air of an outsider, of an expert who has been bred to a different set of traditions. Mr Rosson dances with virility, lifting a peerless Beriosova through a series of the most bewitching postures. She is a marvellously luminous Perséphone, very pure and very adroit. In a clumsy little green bag of a dress, she appears more cool and aristocratic than any queen I have seen on or off stage. Her voice, speaking above the music, which falls in fine shreds as through a sieve, is, in the proper tradition, honeyed. On the first night, sandwiched between the solidly constructed *Sylphides* and *Diversions*, *Perséphone* appeared like one of those frantic thousand-piece jig-saw puzzles that are mounted on cardboard. The interlocking edges buckled a bit, the knobs were bent, and the final effect had none of the calm perfection of the wooden toy.

Audio-Semitic

CLANCY SIGAL

Shelley Berman, on BBC, was a graphic, almost text-book example of the intensifying Jewishness which has overtaken the dramatic arts in America within the past few years and will inevitably, though less frontally, be felt in this country. I don't altogether mean the material used, or Berman's origin (although both count), but rather the Jewish tradition of comic ambivalence – of beseeching aggressiveness towards audience, of jocular grimness towards material. Like Chayefsky and Arthur Miller before him, Berman generalises the Jewish experience in America to embrace and make statements about all experience anywhere. Berman, unlike Mort Sahl, forces you to be a bit of a Jew. He is the anti-political, one might almost say the anti-Sahl artist. 'I'm not going to make political jokes. I don't do it in my country so I don't see why I should do it in yours.' This said with quiet, throwaway truculence.

The defect is that 'Jewish' humour, torn loose from its (immigrant, second-generation, American, mom and pop hating-and-loving) moorings, cannot meet, and is not answerable to, any and all experience. This is also the trap that Negro-istic hipster and homosexual artists live in. Good 'universal' art tends to be local. To the degree Berman avoided his more rooted routines, presumably in order not to mystify the English audience, he was forced to rely on gesture and movement. But,

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again in contrast to Sahl, Berman is exclusively the audio comedian; his act comes across better if you shut your eyes. He is fundamentally insensitive to the audience, his jokes anxiety-ridden. His roles on the stage reduce to the man who panics if he isn't given his due in a 'give-me' society, the man who is losing his small business without knowing why. His aura is decided by ugly little falls from emptiness. 'Tell me, Dave,' he telephones, 'did I have a good time at your party?' and suddenly he can't remember his name. 'I had it here just a moment ago.' Masochism is central to the posture ('God, I am-m-m *burning* to death!'), the reciprocal sadism he turns on the audience never quite convincing. He invokes poignancy but, like the classic Jewish son, is set up to refuse it brusquely. This illusion (or is it?) of vulnerability is a marvellously tense and efficient gimmick. 'You don't need me,' he tailed off, 'but I need you – and don't I *know-w-w-w* it.'

BBC's *The Uncrowned King – A portrait of the Duke of Windsor and his times* was muffled in deep, paralysing piety, with all the dirt – the truth, the pathos, the spite – left out. Some kind of congratulations go to the producer and crew of the unscheduled *Story of a Strike* which the BBC substituted for one of its zoo programmes. The Rootes strike, now defunct, would appear an all-round industrial balls-up arrogant management, right-wing Union bureaucracy, militant and suspicious shop stewards. The basic reasons for the strike's resilience were left hanging, as is probably inherent in a film shot in a hurry, but it was a good start. Now, more.

AR's *Something for Nothing*, a 'study' of gambling in Britain, was patronising, unimaginative and without style. It was a mistake to oppose the vicars to gambling rather than do the subject on its own. Still, something emerged, mainly statistics. One letter in every ten the GPO handles is a pools stake, one out of every three adult Britons bets regularly, greyhound racing is becoming the gambling orphan. It was preposterous to make this programme without reference to class. Doesn't anyone up at AR read *New Left Review*?

Monitor, coming on immediately after Shelley Berman, had one of its best, with a tourist's eye view of the Spanish Art Nouveau architect Gaudi. But why didn't we explore the unfinished Barcelona cathedral and learn more about the engineering techniques that underlay Gaudi's surrealist imbalances? David Piper on 'board-room portraiture', with reference to Annigoni and Kelly, was dry, icy, devastating.

AR's *This Week*, the weak-kneed competitor to *Panorama*, continues downhill, lifted only slightly by the creepy spot on America's ultra-Right groups. If the commercial channel will give us only one regular public affairs programme a week, must they make it so tacky, conservative and dull? In the old days there was a sense of enterprise (i.e. the Hastings Banda scoop), now none.

N. F. Simpson's brilliant *Resounding Tinkle* transplanted badly because the author was persuaded to insert a self-conscious framework consisting of TV critics watching the actual production. This kind of nudging never worked with Maxwell Anderson and Thornton Wilder and it damn well won't for ITV, particularly on a play that demands, above all, a straight face. As with *This Week* (see above), if you're going to do a thing, do it. Otherwise, back to *Bootsie and Snudge*. Meanwhile, BBC's early morning *Science on Saturday* and *Tonight* remain the most consistently worthwhile fixtures.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,660 Set by Peter Calvocoressi

Lord Montgomery is now said to be contemplating a visit to Castro. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from his speech to the House of Lords on his return. Limit 150 words. Entries by 27 December.

Result of No. 1,657 Set by D. R. Peddy

Evelyn Waugh's *Unconditional Surrender* mentions a wartime literary competition which called for an 'Ode to the Sword of Stalingrad'. In the light of recent developments in the USSR, competitors are invited to compose another 'Ode to the Sword of Stalingrad'.

Report

The subject seems to have inspired far more high seriousness than wit. None of the 'straight' Odes caught fire, though P. W. R. Foot wrote neatly:

> The living bleat as if a tyrant dead
> Transfused a sheepishness into your story.

I was startled in one or two of the Odes to find a note of genuine pro-Stalin sympathy. Nearly all favoured large public metaphors (steel rusts, truth endures) and few explored the future problems of Volgograd municipal authorities. The Pindaric Ode of W. K. Holmes and the Chestertonian one of Peter Veale best combined elegance and aptness. Two guineas to each. A guinea to L. G. Udall.

Debated blade, what good intent
Has led to red embarrassment!
Given a name which, wrought with fire
and blood,
Appears now to the Party to be mud!
The Man of Steel, who erred,
Is re-interred,
To lie unhonoured earth beneath;
Will they now hide you in some shabby sheath –
He to be common dust
And you allowed to rust,
Or, with a different name, mayhap,
Will you commemorate some other chap?
Ah, better not!
Who can foretell the lot
Of any idol pedestalled today?
Will you be tops tomorrow, still, Oh K.?

W. K. HOLMES

The Sword of Stalingrad was earned
By people tough as steel
Who, even as their city burned,
Made Hitler's armies reel.
And Winston Churchill, at Tehran,
Passed the sword over to That Man
Whose name (in view of Krushchev's ban)
It's safer to conceal.
The Sword of Stalingrad hangs now
In Volgograd instead;
And locals, fearful of a row,
Leave the old name unsaid,
Because the Kremlin's present crew,
By writing history anew,
Did what the Germans couldn't do –
Killed Stalingrad stone dead.

PETER VEALE

Brave Sword, you call to mind the Swipes
That strewed in gory heaps Teutonic Tripes
Around the City of our Mother River.
That Name that made the eager Hun to shiver
And possibly the eager Patriot too
If from the busy battle's frantic view
He flinched, or Duty's Glorious Path,
Or thought too much – for him a bloody Bath.
But Time does quiver as it rolls along
Much as our Mother River in the Song,
Sounds mingle and the Letters which we spell
Become confused, we thought we knew so well
But when we look again, Oh clear we see
and glad,
Honour and Glory to Thee, Sword of Volgograd.

L. G. UDALL

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XUM

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

I am waiting to see the first prose-poem which tells us that on 10 December 1961 the atomic bomb became man's best friend; that out of the terror of modern armaments there has arisen a brave new hope of a better world, shaped, oiled and warmed by nuclear explosions; that Hiroshima did not die in vain. For it was on that day that Project Plowshare was at long last set under way in the United States.

Unfortunately for the organisers, the pressmen observing the first peaceful application of an atomic bomb called Gnome, beneath the New Mexico desert near Carlsbad, seem to have had the fright of their lives when a large surface charge of high explosive was detonated accidentally at almost the same moment as the atomic bomb 1,200 feet underground; and then a small leak of radioactive steam from the shaft delayed their departure from the observation post.

Watching the proceeding in a helicopter was Dr Edward Teller, who formally proposed a programme on the peaceful uses of nuclear explosions as much as five years ago. Ever since 1945 there has been casual talk about such a possibility; but Dr Teller pressed the idea with his well-known vigour; and after a lot of difficulty and opposition (including protests by the potash miners of Carlsbad) the project at last got off with a bang.

Let me say right away that the idea of peaceful bombs is not absurd, from a practical point of view. The ambivalence of applied science, which makes even anti-malarials a means of winning wars (of the old-fashioned kind) and knowledge of the composition of the upper atmosphere an aid to missile ballistics, applies in fair measure to nuclear explosives. Nuclear landscaping could, in principle, create harbours and remove hazards to navigation; divert rivers, build dams, dig canals and reservoirs; expose underground ores; make passes through highlands and admit moist air into mountain-hemmed deserts. Another proposal is that oil should be extracted from impregnated sands and shales with the aid of bombs. If men hope to achieve some mastery over weather and climate they are bound to observe that of man-made sources only H-bombs are commensurate with the concentration of energy of a natural storm.

The primary idea behind Sunday's Gnome was the generation of heat and power. Previous underground explosions in the wet rocks of Nevada have dissipated their heat in vapourising water at relatively low temperatures. Carlsbad was chosen because of its salt deposits; it was hoped that heat liberated in the salt would be retained at temperatures suitable for steam-raising. At the time of writing no official evaluation of the experiment has been given, but some steam there evidently was.

The kind of thing which the Americans have in mind is that a power station might use such an underground boiler, fed every day with a nuclear bomb. As in a conventional reactor there would be the possibility of making useful radioactive isotopes and using the neutrons released in the explosion to convert ordinary uranium or thorium into nuclear fuel.

The difficulties are obvious. For an underground explosion the excavation is costly, and there is always a danger of the cavern collapsing. From a surface or aerial explosion on the other hand there will inevitably be a dispersal of radioactivity.

The danger of radioactivity is not, however, the chief objection to the present Plowshare activity. It is rather the calculated tactlessness of it which is deplorable. No benefits which might accrue from the peaceful uses of nuclear explosions can compare with the far greater prize of nuclear disarmament. At another time I could imagine myself cheering so bold an adventure in applied science. But one would be very naive not to observe Dr Teller's own military affiliations and his opposition to the suspension of weapon tests; or to imagine that the Plowshare idea may not raise complications and suspicions at every step towards disarmament.

When are we going to grow out of the idea that the fact that a thing is technologically possible is somehow sufficient justification for doing it? On the same day as the Gnome explosion, Professor Arne Tiselius, the distinguished Swedish chemist at the head of the Nobel Foundation, called for an international moral code covering the use of scientific results. One provision of such a code would surely be that attention should be paid to whether or not a given application enhances or hinders friendship between nations.

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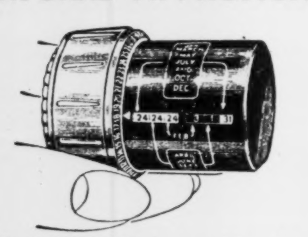

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TAURUS

It is certainly not the risk of nationalisation which has caused steel shares to drop by nearly 40 per cent in the past nine months. If insurance companies have been trying to reduce their stake in steel and cut their losses, it is because supply seems finally to have caught up with demand and the industry has lost its glamour. Any business which uses a lot of new fixed capital bought at high interest rates is likely to suffer when its output falls far below capacity. The fact that the steel industry is now operating at only about 75 per cent of capacity is due mainly to a running-down of steel stocks which will probably come to an end within the next few months; but it is unlikely – even if it discreetly stretches out its present development programme – to be operating as profitably close to capacity as in the past for years to come. Its immediate aim, competition being what it is, is not so much to produce more as to produce more cheaply, so that it can fluctuate as violently with the business cycle as US steel firms and still contrive to make a profit.

But the steel company results which have been coming out during the past few days, relating to the period up to end-September, are only just beginning to reflect this situation. Where they are bad (and they are a spotty lot) it is mainly because of a rise in costs which the Steel Board at home and competition abroad have prevented the companies from making up fully with higher prices. There have been one or two unexpectedly good announcements – from Firth & Brown, which specialises in alloy (particularly stainless) steels and is not typical, and from Summers, which has somehow managed to limit the fall in its profit to the average drop in sales of steel sheet. But United Steel, the giant, has found that a three per cent drop in sales has produced a 20 per cent drop in profits and a 30 per cent drop in equity earnings, while Colvilles fell down in its second half-year.

Consett's net profit for the half-year has dwindled almost to nothing, and consideration of a dividend is to be postponed until the year's figures are available; South Durham's 12 per cent drop in trading profit has been much magnified by the gearing of its capital, and the dividend has been cut from 12 to 10 per cent; Arthur Lee has cut its dividend from 13½ to 12 per cent despite an apparently mild drop in earnings. It is the dividend cuts (following the heavy electrical firms) which have upset the market more than the drops in profit. They suggest that worse drops in profit are to come.

And the steel results may be part of a general pattern. When company profits last began to rise, in the spring of 1959, earnings available for distribution to Ordinary shareholders rose much more rapidly. But now they are falling more rapidly: depreciation and interest charges are up, profits tax has risen, investment allowances are falling off with the investment boom. Company profits *reported* during October-November were down by four per cent on the previous year, but earnings were down by 14 per cent; profits *earned* during the second quarter, according to the latest official figures, were eight per cent down on the year and equity earnings were probably down much more. Dividends are still rising very slowly, but they may well fall before long.

It is industry which has so far suffered most from competition at home and abroad, and is likely to suffer more as trade restrictions are lifted. But distribution is now coming in for its own share. The growth of supermarkets has already caused the little men, particularly the grocers, to combine in self-defence. But the price-cutting which supermarkets have pioneered in search of higher turnover is unlikely to stop at food. Discount stores, cutting the prices of all kinds of branded household goods, have appeared here only this year; manufacturers, who not only dislike price-cutting for its own sake but are subject to strong pressure from small retailers, still have the law on their side. But the walls of price maintenance are crumbling. Tesco, one of the supermarket groups, has just opened a discount store in Leicester which is intended to launch, in a blaze of publicity, the 'biggest assault yet on resale price maintenance' Tesco will have its troubles, but it evidently thinks they are a worthwhile risk. The Board of Trade may soon find that circumstances have given it courage to pronounce on the report about price maintenance on which it has been sitting for the past year. The structure of distribution is in for an upheaval, and, unless the country's appetite for consumption goods suddenly increases, the profits of distributors as a whole are likely to fall.

* * *

The food industry itself is concentrating fast: after flour, fish. The giants of the fish industry are Associated Fisheries and the Ross Group, both of which have been expanding fast, not least into the frozen food business. The Ross Group failed about a year ago in bids for Kingston Trawling (the Hellyer family managed to increase its holding to over 50 per cent) and for Associated Fisheries: the latter, averse from such distractions, promptly appointed Sir Hugh Fraser as chairman. It is now to take over both Hellyer Brothers and Kingston Trawling; it will then own the largest trawling fleet in the world, much larger than that of the Ross Group, and will control sufficient of the total catch, with nearly half the distant water fleet, to have a large say in the development of distribution. And fish may still have a profitable, packaged future.

Company News

The Nottingham *Woolworths*, like several supermarkets, has taken advantage of the Licensing Acts to apply for an off-licence.

Distillers has announced a half-year profit much the same as last year's, but this year includes *British Xylonite*: spirits are apparently doing well, but the profits of the chemical and plastics companies are well down.

Watney Mann has increased its profit by 12½ per cent, *Flowers* by 5½ per cent; *Bass* by 17 per cent; *Guinness*, however, has broken with the brewing trend by declaring a profit which is slightly lower.

The government, to get away from drink, has issued its first six per cent stock ever – part of a conversion operation for £758m of 4½ per cent stock which matures in February: the operation as a whole not only reduces the debt but lengthens it and will help the gradual revival of interest in gilt-edged.

COMPANY MEETING

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

1961 — A Harvest of Change

The 36th Ordinary General Meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O. will be held on 2 January, 1962 in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr J. S. Crossley, for the year ended 30 September 1961:—

If 1960 was a vintage year for political developments in British territories overseas, 1961 also has produced an abundant harvest of change in the territories in which the bank operates, the most outstanding political development being the establishment of the South African Republic outside the Commonwealth.

Rights Issue and the Balance Sheet

The event of the year most directly affecting stockholders was the rights issue which was made during the spring. The result of this offer to subscribe for fresh capital, the first since 1947, may be of interest. Out of 10,879 stockholders, no less than 10,269 exercised their rights. In addition, applications totalling 1,288,465 shares were received for the 188,075 shares which were offered to round off the capital to £17 million. This mark of confidence in the future of our bank, coming at a time of increasing political and business uncertainty, has been a great encouragement. Whatever the immediate future may hold I believe that in the long run this confidence will be justified.

The results for the year show an increase in profits, after tax, of £128,653, or 8.8 per cent. The increase would have been considerably larger had it not been for the higher rate of profits tax, which is beginning to bear heavily upon us. Of all the taxes which have been introduced in recent times this, in my view, is one of the most insidious, being not only temptingly easy to apply but potentially devastating in its effect on progressive businesses.

The sudden, sharp increases in bank rate which we have experienced from time to time in recent years are indicative of the disorders in our economic body.

It is hardly necessary to stress here the immense value of the smoothly working mechanism of the sterling area to our trade and, indeed, to world trade as a whole, as well as to the commodity and other international markets, so many of which are concentrated in London. If, however, the centre is to be perpetually subjected to shocks of the kind we have been experiencing the whole structure must inevitably be weakened.

Need to face the truth

The truth is that monetary measures are not in themselves a cure for our troubles, which stem from the fact that we are living beyond our means. We are told that there is danger in over-simplification, and this is true. But it is more dangerous still to complicate an issue to such an extent that the simple truth is obscured.

Mr Micawber's famous dictum: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six – result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six – result misery" has its message for us today.

Our only sound course today is to reduce our problem to its simplest terms.

Since when have the British people been unable to face the plain truth without a gloss on it? The problems of living with prosperity may prove as testing for Britain as the years of austerity through which she has so recently passed. Her people then gave convincing proof of their steadfastness when they knew that what was at stake was nothing less than survival.

The Chess Board

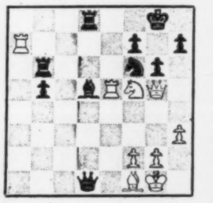
No. 631. The Basic Idea

It's the one thing that matters; for just like most jokes are mere variations of a relatively small number of basic ones, just so a good many brilliant ideas in chess are mere wavelets lapping off some original brainwave. It applies to game-combinations no less than to a study-composer's fancies, and the one may well inspire the other or borrow from it, and vice versa. Take this famous Rinck-study first published in 1903. /16/3b1Kt2/2p1p3/5k1K/Q7/2P5/3q4/. White wins by 1) Ktd5†!,Qd5: (best); 2) Qg3†,Kf5; 3) Qg5†,Ke4; 4) Qg2†,Kd4; 5) c3†,Kc4; 6) Qa2† etc. I wonder if, consciously or subconsciously, Capablanca had this in mind when, at Moscow 1925. White against Subarev she reached this position. /4r3/1Q1qk2p/p4pp1/3P4/P4b2/6PP/5P2/1R4K1/. The basic idea of Capa's brilliant win was much the same as that of Rinck's study. 1) Re1†,Be5 (forced); 2) d6†!, Ke6 (best); 3) Qb3†,Kf5; 4) Qd3†,Kg5; 5) Qe3†,Kf5; 6) Qe4†,Ke6 (best); 7) Qc4†, Kd6:; 8) Rd1† and Black resigned a few moves later.

I took this from *Europe Echecs,* the excellent Paris monthly in which Milu Milescu, the Roumanian master, frequently discourses on the affinity of games and studies. Take this study published by L. Prokes and K. Zmatlik in 1943. /5q2/2Q5/1p4p1/p7/k3p3/8/K7/8/. The solution: 1) Qc4†, Qb4; 2) Qc6†,Qb5; 3) Qe4:†, Qb4; 4) Qd3,g5; 5) Qd7†,Qb5; 6) Qd4†,Qb4; 7) Qd3, g4; 8) Qd7†,Qb5; 9) Qg4:†,Qb4; 10) Qd7†,Qb5; 11) Qd4†,Qb4; 12) Qd3! and Black succumbs to the *zugzwang* whip.

Now it so happened that just about the same time the Finnish master Ojanen. unaware of the Prokes-piece dealt with the same idea in an obviously similar way; but then we can go back as far as 1914 to see the basic idea expounded by A. Havasi in this very neat manner. /8/7k1/8/3pKQpP/3p4/16/3q4/. The solution: 1) h6†!,Kh6:; 2) Kf6.Qh5 (forced): 3) Qd3.Qe8 (forced again); 4) Qh3†,Qh5; 5) Qf5!,d3; 6) Qd3:,Qe8; 7) Qh3†. Qh5; 8) Qf5.d4; 9) Qd3 and so on until . . . g4 will enable White to start the final assault with Qf4†.

A: Aarts 1961



But this was, by no means, the idea's first appearance; according to Milescu's researches J. Kling dealt with it as early as 1851, and a sort of nucleus of the idea, very neatly reduced to bare essentials, can be found in the 1922 edition of Berger's standard work on the endgame. Here it is: /16/Q7/2p2q2/8/Kp6/8/k7/. The key-move is Qe2 and since . . . Qc2 would be refuted by 2) Qe1†,Qb1; 3) Qe5† etc., the main line is . . . Qb1; 2) Qe5†,b2; 3) Qd5! etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced immediate resignation by one powerful move. For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are draws and well in key with our theme song; the former being the Polish composer's original offering of a truly basic idea; the latter one of many variants of what has long been known as the 'Koslovski theme'. Usual prizes. Entries by 27 December.

B: S. Koslovski 1931: /2k5/6K1/r6r/8/4P3/16/5R2/.

C: A. O. Herbstman 1935: /8/2P5/16/k1r5/7R/1K2P3/2r5/.

REPORT on No. 628. Set 24 November

A: 1) Ktd7, h3?; 2) Kte7†, Kh8; 3) Kte5! etc.

B: 1) Bf6†, Kg8; 2) Ke7!, d6; 3) Bh8!!, Kh8:; 4) Kf7, Bg8†; 5) Kg6:, Be6; 6) Kf6, Bd7; 7) Kf7 etc.

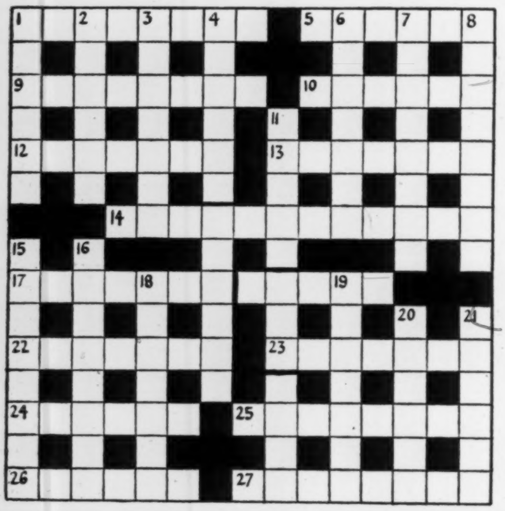
C: 1) a7, Rg2†; 2) Kb1, Rg1†; 3) Be1!, Re1:†; 4) Kb2, Re2†; 5) Kb3, Re3†; 6) Kb4, Re4†; 7) Kb5 etc. Of course, 1) . . Rg8 would be refuted by 2) Bg3†, followed by Bb8.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, J. S. Brown, R. C. Chaturvedi, H. Garfath, A. J. Sobey, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 488

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 488, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1, by first post 27 December.



ACROSS

1. Intellectual bowled out in a lofty quarrel (8).
5. Gaps being left, he went quickly about a century (6).
9. Dogs make a quarrel in the crowd (8).
10. Rise like a smell (6).
12. The *Observer* is sober in its style of prose (7).
13. Not in this country having poetry at heart (7).
14. Fruit which makes the dirty dog speak violently (12).
17. Paris models for copies? (7, 5).
22. Without grassland the picture would be banned (7).
23. Goddess put off about me (7).
24. Best if returned home (6).
25. Forming a dynasty containing the universal within the ancient (8).
26. Failing to keep a record without error (6).
27. Discontinue meetings in favour of the criminal (8).

DOWN

1. Name for one who is rather a bad actor? (6).
2. Frenchman who has to study under an anaesthetic (6).
3. City sometimes ahead of fashion (7).
4. The place to find blue entertainment in London? (6, 6).
6. The French scientist has to regret climbing after what is gone (7).
7. Pawn and victim of bad justice (8).
8. Defames half dead pamphlets (8).
11. Means of transport for a professional with a good shot (5, 3, 4).
15. Malicious as a coal-mine in the distribution of fuels (8).
16. Worries about a receptacle for guns (8).
18. 'The last temptation is the greatest —' (Eliot) (7).
19. Glass acrobat (7).
20. What Henry King chewed (6).
21. Accent on something to wear? (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 486

I	N	D	U	S	T	R	Y	■	C	O	R	S	E	T
M	■	U	■	I	■	O	■	■	■	U	■	T	■	E
P	O	L	O	N	I	U	S	■	S	T	R	O	K	E
O	■	L	■	H	■	N	■	S	■	D	■	M	■	S
S	H	E	B	A	■	D	I	P	L	O	M	A	T	S
T	■	S	■	L	■	F	■	E	■	■	■	C	■	I
■	■	■	S	E	M	I	D	E	T	A	C	H	E	D
A	■	H	■	S	■	G	■	C	■	G	■	S	■	E
S	H	A	R	E	P	U	S	H	E	R	S	■	■	■
S	■	N	■	■	■	R	■	M	■	E	■	S	■	S
A	N	D	R	O	M	E	D	A	■	E	X	C	E	L
I	■	I	■	C	■	S	■	K	■	M	■	R	■	E
L	A	C	K	E	Y	■	F	I	R	E	S	I	D	E
E	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	N	■	P	■	P
D	O	P	I	N	G	■	A	G	I	T	A	T	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 486

Mrs M. A. Bonner (London)
A. C. Walsh (London NW11)
Mrs Storer (Ewell)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

KING'S College Hall, Champion Hill, SE5, has accommodation for groups visiting London; mid-July to end September. Single bedrooms, gardens, quiet dist. Enquiries to Vacation Letting Secretary.

WILLESDEN Green (Bakerloo line). Comfortable bed-sit. for refined gentleman. Breakfast optional. Phone GLA. 3905.

TWO rooms and kitchen, furn., 4 gns. Garage available. CHI. 0441.

LARGE b/s. to let in family hse attract. part Edgware to 2 women; £4 excl. htg, plus occasional sitting-in. Box 7451.

EALING Common. (Adj.). New unfurn. flats, s/c. 1-4 rms, Lux. bathrms, kits. from £6 p.w.-£8 5s. excl. Box 7466.

LARGE single bed-sit; ckg facs. h. & c. 20 mins W. End. £3 15s. GLA. 3704.

LARGE newly dec. bed-sitting room in young bachelor's W. Hampstead flat. All amenities available. Box 7471.

HAMPSTEAD close to all facs, 3 lge furn. rms, mod. kit. & bthrm, s/c., c.h. & c.h.w., no colour bar, 15 gns p.w. David Ashley & Co., MOU. 3371 and 3373.

UNFURN. room, share bathrm, phone, well-equipped kitchen. Rent free or nominal rent in return some domestic services. Suit 1 lady only. Loughton. Box 7492.

S/C. furn. gr.-flr flat, Chislehurst, to let from 1 January. Garage. Box 7507.

FOR rent: 4-bed furnished maisonette. From 15 Jan. Quiet village nr Exeter. References, please. Box 7401.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

EXCELLENT small room in Fulham family house, students OK. 50s. Informal arrangements. Box 7462.

HAMPSTEAD, Redington Road. Unfurn. 4 room maisonette, use gdn, oil-fired central heating. Large kitchen, bathroom, cloakroom, huge cupboards. Decorated 6 months. Rent £600 inclusive. 6 year lease and fittings £250 or offer. HAM. 6870.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms. £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLATSHARERS Register, 11 Beauchamp Place, London, SW3. KNI. 0232/0395.

SOME claim to work miracles – we just claim to work hard, hoping to find you satisfactory accommodation. We have a wide selection of flats, flatlets and bed-sitting rooms under 10 gns per week in Hampstead and NW London. Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

COTTAGE East Sussex, part-furn., 4 rooms, k. & b. 1 mile bus & village. 4 gns per week. Box 7449.

HERNE Bay. 1-rm flatlets by sea. Reas. rents. Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Kent.

WHITSTABLE: terrace house, 3 bedrms, 2 recep., kit., bathrm, toilet. 4 gns p.w. Unfurn. Long let. No premium. Please 'phone FLAxman 9000.

APPLEDORE, Devon. Artist's furnished house near sea for Jan., Feb., March – or earlier. 2 bedrooms and large studio/bedrm. Open plan ground floor. All mod. con. Sunny house & gdn. £6 p.w. Box 7547.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

SHARE Mews flat, W9, offered educated girl. Ring CUN. 1649 after 7 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BRITISH overseas official reqs furn. flat, 2/3 beds, 2/3 weeks from 27 Dec. Fairly central. McGregor, SHE. 8319.

SYRIAN young man, student, aged 23, anxious to become paying guest in well-educated English home., preferably with family of similar age. Will pay 7 gns p. wk. English references provided. Box 7551.

YOUNG bus. woman wants bed-sit., kitchenette. £4 at most. Box 7452.

A CONGENIAL yng prof. man. Anything about £2 p.w. Hampstd area. Box 7435.

MALE teacher reqs, West End/NW, for at least 7 months, spacious room plus living facilities and amenity. Box 7423.

GRADUATE (f.) seeks furn. room, use kitchen in or near Victoria. Box 7460.

TRINIDAD architect wants s/c. flat NW3. 2 rooms or 1 large room. Box 7544.

SW7. Will anyone give house-room to arts grad. (f.) studying for further degree? Use k. & b. Approx. 3 gns. Box 7541.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BATHING luxury perfected! Black Forest sparkling Pine-Needle Bath Tablets 'Silvapin'. Delicious fragrance, guaranteed refreshing. 21s. per gift-box of 36 tablets or 29s. per 50. Sparkling Lavender Bath Tablets 34s. per box of 50, all post free. Ravika Ltd, 64 Aldermanbury, Lon., EC2.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—continued

UNUSUAL GIFTS
FROM RUSSIA!

Hand-painted toys . . . bone carvings . . . ceramics . . . silverware . . . palekh-ware . . . wonderful variety at the

RUSSIAN SHOP,
278 High Holborn,
London, WC1.

10,000 Antiques for sale every Saturday in 18th Century Camden Passage, Islington open market and shops – ideal for all Christmas shopping. CAN. 5083.

EUROSHOPPING for Christmas. Books in many languages may be seen at Librairie Hachette and the European Bookshop, 127 Regent Street, W1.

FOLLOW the one-way traffic to the ideal Christmas shopping zone. Briglin Pottery, 22 Crawford St, W1. WEL. 0605.

PEOPLE with taste like Primavera. Ideas this year range from specially woven Indian ties to beautiful pottery, glass and wood individually chosen from many countries. Open till 4.30 on Saturday 16 December. Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, SW1, and 10 King's Parade, Cambridge.

STAMPS from Russia. In packets 1s. 6d.-8s. 6d. (the latter contains the 'Gagarin' stamp); Wallets (Sports, Space, Buildings, Famous Men. Flora/fauna) 8s.-11s. Illustrated Children's Books, ages 3-10 in English, rhymes, puzzles, adventures, 1s. each. From Collet's, 44 Museum St, WC1, or 64 Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

XUM

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s 6d. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d Prepayment essential Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS & DUNDEE COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

CASEWORKER AND TUTOR IN SOCIAL WORK

Applications are invited for the post of CASEWORKER in the FAMILY CASEWORK AGENCY of Dundee Council of Social Service. The successful applicant will be appointed (part-time) Tutor in Social Work in the University's School of Social Administration. and will participate in the practical training of students. Preference to graduates with professional case-work qualification and experience.

Salary £665-£975; placing according to qualifications, etc. Superannuation. Car-allowance.

Applications, with names of two referees, to Mr N. J. A. Robertson, BL, 9 Ward Road, Dundee.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

BINGLEY TRAINING COLLEGE

APPOINTMENT OF PRINCIPAL

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of PRINCIPAL as from 1 September 1962 The College which is situated on a very attractive site overlooking Bingley, has at present 250 women students training for teaching in infant, junior and secondary schools. Major extensions costing some £200,000 are at present being made to the buildings to provide for the expansion of the College to about 350 students in 1962.

A house, pleasantly situated in the College grounds, is provided for the Principal

The College is governed by its own Governing Body.

Salary at present £2,250 x £50-£2,450 but this is subject to review in the light of a revised Pelham Award

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

CROYDON PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL SERVICE

Applications are invited for the appointment of two PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS. Salary Scale £740-£1,000 per annum plus London Weighting. Car allowances payable. This is a developing service offering a wide range of work and scope for individual interests and initiative, and in which Warlingham Park Hospital and the Croydon Public Health Department are jointly concerned. There are at present 4 PSW's in post and further particulars may be obtained from Mrs Eva Gregory, PSW at Warlingham Park Hospital, Warlingham, . Surrey, or from Mr J. S. Heap, Senior Mental Welfare Officer, 49 Wellesley Road, Croydon. Forms of Application may be obtained from Dr Stephen MacKeith, Senior Psychiatrist to the Croydon Psychiatric Service, 49 Wellesley Road, Croydon.

ESSEX

(a) STANFORD LE HOPE YOUTH CENTRE

(b) THURROCK TORELLS YOUTH CENTRE

Required 1 January 1962, or as soon as possible thereafter, a full-time Warden for each of these Youth Centres, situated in South Essex, which provide formal classes in commercial and craft subjects and foster recreational activities.

Candidates should possess a degree, teaching certificate or certificate in social studies or youth leadership and must have had experience in youth work and/or teaching.

Salary scales in accordance with the Committee's Scales for Youth Centre Wardens (at present) Post (a) Grade III £975 x £30 (6) x £20 (1) to £1,175 p.a. Post (b) Grade I £875 x £30 (6) x £20 (1) to £1,075 p.a. The salary scales are subject to additions for training and graduation if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions. Both scales subject to review from 1 January 1962.

Assistance towards removal expenses will be considered.

Details and application forms (quoting reference N.S.) from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 31 December 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications invited from women possessing sympathy and intelligence and who are interested in working with mentally handicapped children and adults for appointment as an Assistant at the Wanstead Junior Training Centre. The work is both demanding and rewarding and the successful candidate will be given the opportunity of taking a full-time training course for teachers of the mentally handicapped. Candidates should be aged between 18 and 35. Salary not exceeding £440 plus London weighting allowance according to age. Application form and further particulars from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford, returnable by 29 December 1961.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

Experienced assistant required after Christmas to help Housemother in Brentwood Home for 12 children, £475-£600 less £120 per annum for emoluments. £30 p.a. paid additionally to holders of appropriate certificate. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

RESIDENT-IN-CHARGE, HIGH WICK, TYTTENHANGER, NEAR ST ALBANS

Applications are invited from persons with experience in child care work to take up residence in charge of a unit for 18 mentally ill children under the direction of a Consultant Psychiatrist. Candidates must have considerable experience in the running of residential units for children. This entails the administration of staff in liaison with the psychiatrist-in-charge, responsibility for the day-to-day running of the unit, as well as supervision over domestic and ancillary staff. The position offers great opportunities for anyone interested to work in a unit actively engaged in treatment of, and research into, severe childhood disturbances. A partly furnished flat will be provided. Salary according to qualifications and experience, less a charge for board-lodging. Application forms and full details of the post, obtainable from and returnable to the Secretary, Mid Herts HMC, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts.

BRITISH COUNCIL

RECRUITMENT PROGRAMME 1962

I. GENERAL SERVICE ENTRY:
Honours graduates. Age 21 to 35.

II. STUDENTSHIPS:
Postgraduate training in teaching English as a foreign language. Honours graduates (men). Age 21 to 26.

Booklet 'Appointments' and application forms from Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1. Quote A 62 N.S.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON

APPLICATIONS are invited from British male graduates for the post of Head Librarian, Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London, W1. Salary £1,000-£1,250 by £25 annual increments. Applicants with experience may start at a higher figure. Experience in Library or archive administration desirable and an interest in archaeological work an advantage.

Application forms may be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London, W1, which should be returned by 1 January 1962.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

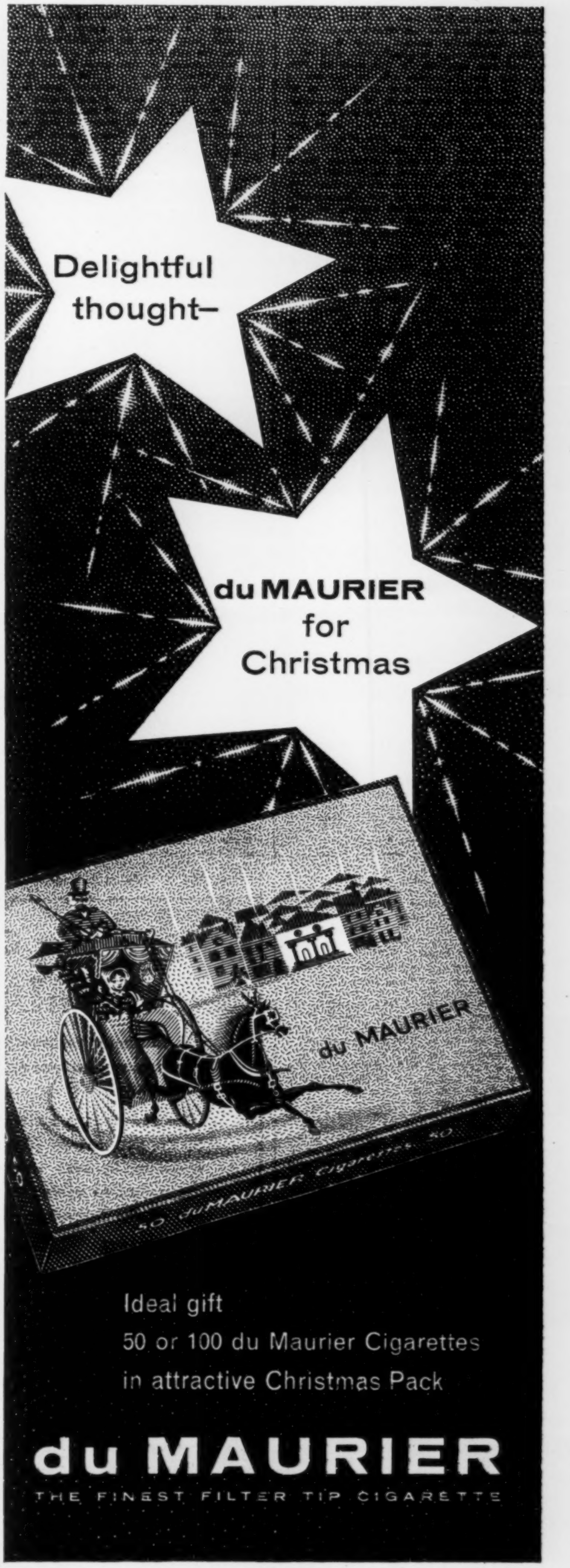
is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY - posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

THE Jewish Blind Society requires the services of a Matron and an Assistant Matron at the Dolly Ross Holiday Home, Braemar Royal, Grand Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth. Excellent accommodation and conditions. Matron should have nursing experience; husband can be accommodated as well. Please apply to the Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

INDEXER (female) required for London newspaper office. Some experience essential. Write stating age, education, experience to Box 7478.



Ideal gift
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in attractive Christmas Pack

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THE FINEST FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Professor of Philosophy. The University invites applications for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should hold a higher degree, preferably a Doctorate, and have carried out research in the field of Philosophy. The Professor will be responsible for the organisation and management of the University Department of Philosophy. The salary will be £A4,250 per annum. The successful applicant will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff which include FSSU type Superannuation, Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants. Additional information on the conditions of appointment, staffing and activities of the Department, together with application forms, will be supplied upon request to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 20 January 1962.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £A3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £A2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A47 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 9 February 1962.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship and Lectureships in History. Applications are invited for the following positions within the Department of History: (a) One Lectureship, Senior Lectureship in Mediaeval History; (b) Two Lectureships in History (one appointment will be made in the field of American History and the other appointment in the field of European (including British) History). The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £A3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £A2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A47 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 15 January 1962.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Senior Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have experience in teaching and research, and those with an interest in the economic problems of the Far East will be preferred. Annual salary (superannuable) is: £2,700 x £75-£3,000 (man) or £2,025 x £60-£2,265 (woman). The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. Air passages (or first class sea passages of equivalent cost to tourist air passages) are provided for expatriate staff on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Hong Kong and London on 15 January 1962.

SOCIAL Worker (temporary appointment) required at Belmont Hospital, Sutton, which is within easy reach of central London. Belmont hospital is a progressive neurosis hospital and the duties of the social worker will be connected with in-patients and out-patients. Applicants should possess experience in similar work or in psychiatric nursing. Whitley Council salary and conditions (London weighting payable). Applications, giving full details as to age, experience, etc., together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Medical Administrator, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

SOCIAL and Mental Welfare Officer (male). County Borough of Dudley. Special scale – £665 to £975 per annum. This post offers an interesting range of duties working with aged, physically handicapped and mentally disordered persons. Applications invited from suitably qualified candidates with experience of aged and physically handicapped persons or mentally disordered persons or both. Housing accommodation available if required. Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the Medical Officer of Health and Chief Welfare Officer, Council House, Dudley, Worcs. by Fri. 22 Dec.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOSPITAL Service. Administrative Assistant required in Planning Section of Secretary's Department. There is a considerable programme of hospital expansion in progress and the post will provide valuable administrative experience. Salary scale: £800 x £35 (6) x £40 (1)-£1,050 plus £20-£50 London Weighting. Application form from Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London, W2, to whom it should be returned by 29 Dec. Please quote ref. 6.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has vacancy for Organising Tutor (part-time), for two to three years, to develop in conjunction with the National Old Peoples Welfare Council, refresher and training courses for voluntary workers in Kent; probably based on Folkestone. Experience of social work and/or teaching desirable and ability to drive car. Salary £400/£500 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form from 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 8 January 1962.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of non-manual Trade Union Organiser, NE England and Scottish border. Initiative and good personality essential; TU, or Banking background and previous experience desirable. Minimum basic salary £698 15s. p.a. plus Cost of Living payment – at present 16%. Salary rises by annual increments and may be further increased for special qualifications. Generous pension scheme and holiday arrgmts. Applicn forms from The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, Westminster, SW1.

INDEPENDENT School requires (1) Young single man for January 1962, as teacher (maths and science an advantage, good games player preferred) and as resident Assistant Housefather, with supervisory duties in mixed National House with older children (over 14). Apply stating age, qualifications and experience to the Warden, Pestalozzi Children's Village, Sedlescombe. (2) Qualified resident teacher for January 1962, science and maths an advantage. Married man preferred, flat provided, some supervisory duties. Apply stating age, qualifications and experience to the Warden, Pestalozzi Children's Village, Sedlescombe.

THE Anglo-Continental School of English (state-recognised), 33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, will have vacancies for temporary teachers of English from 16 April, 1 May and 4 June 1962, with possibility of permanent appointment for suitable candidates. Knowledge of German, French or Italian a great advantage. Apply early to the Director of Studies, enclosing photograph and giving full details of qualifications and experience.

HOUSEKEEPER required 1 January to take charge of Domestic arrangements (other than Catering) for 200 resident women students. Salary £400-£500 according to experience with full board, residence & laundry. Apply in writing: Bursar, Southlands College, Wimbledon Parkside, SW19.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Scottish Museum: Assistant Keepers. 2 pensionable posts in Departments of (i) Art and Archaeology, (ii) Natural History, for men or women at least 21 on 1.1.62 with 1st or 2nd class honours degree, or degree or diploma awarded for post-graduate study or research. For (i) degree must be an Arts subject, preferably history of art, archaeology, or anthropology; good knowledge of applied arts in Europe or of the arts of primitive peoples essential. For (ii) degree must be in Zoology; special interest in systematic ornithology desirable. Salary on scale £738-£1,040 or £1,321-£2,226 according to age, qualifications, and experience. On lower scale, starting salary may be above minimum. Write Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, 1, for application form. Closing date 5 January 1962.

ROSENBERG College (English-Speaking Section) announces two posts vacant January 1962: (1) Master or Mistress to teach Latin to 'A' level; (2) Master to teach Junior Mathematics/Geography/Science/English. Creations due to expansion. Applications to the Headmaster, St Gall, Switzerland.

CONSUMERS' Association, publishers of 'Which?', requires an additional Inquiries Officer to deal with suggestions and requests for information and advice received from CA members. The qualifications for the post are an ability to assimilate information quickly and transmit this in writing and by telephone in good clear English. No special technical knowledge required but a good general education and equable temperament are essential. Salary £650 per annum. Please apply in writing only to the Administration Officer, Consumers' Association Ltd, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

A REALLY bright young woman is required for an interesting post with the advertisement representatives of the leading University publications. The position involves keeping systematic records but is far from routine and requires an alert and intelligent mind. No experience necessary – write to Educational Publicity (Partners) Ltd, 14-18 High Holborn, London, WC1.

YOUNG man for Publications Dept. There are varied duties including Space Selling, calling on Bookshops, Magazine circulations, acting as Holiday relief in despatching Publications. Experience not necessary. Comm. Salary £11. 4 weeks Annual holiday. Write giving full details to Miss Summers, National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, WC1.

TRADE Union office requires Telephonist/typist: previous switchboard experience essential. Commencing salary £12 at age £24 - three weeks' annual holiday – four weeks after three years' service. Good working conditions. Apply to Administration Officer, ASSET, 2/4 Homerton High St, London, E9. AMHerst 4792.

ALL good class domestic and catering staff supplied and wanted. Call Ainslies. 1 Dover Street, W1. HYD. 5995

LEO offer CAREERS in

DATA PROCESSING

. . . in one of the most prominent and vigorous computer companies now embarking on a major phase of expansion.

Men and women under 35 who are keenly interested in the prospect of planning and preparing jobs for operation by both service and customer's computers are invited to apply. They should have experience in one of the following:—

INSURANCE	**OPERATIONS RESEARCH**
PRODUCTION CONTROL	**WORKS MANAGEMENT**
COST ACCOUNTANCY	**STOCK EXCHANGE**

Full training in computer techniques will be given. The posts will be based in London, elsewhere in the U.K. and abroad.

Starting salary will relate to the high calibre of people required and there are unlimited prospects of advancement depending solely on ability. Brief details of career to date should be sent to :—

The Personnel Officer,
LEO COMPUTERS LIMITED,
Hartree House, Queensway, London, W.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOUSEMOTHER required 6 Jan., young adult spastic centre, congenial surroundings, active social life, salary scale £475-£600 less £120 for emoluments. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Centre, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

COOK/Caterer (m. or f.) required for the Restaurant in a well-established community of professional people. Up to sixty meals served to adults and children. Applicant with school-age child considered. Write for further particulars. Rumshott Estate Ltd, St Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

SCHOOL of Languages requires a part-time teacher (male) to be responsible for organising Students' Club, mainly evenings and weekends. Write stating age, experience and qualifications to: The Principal, St Giles School, 63 Oxford St, London, W1.

SECRETARY (shorthand and typing) wanted quickly for Quaker international work. Good salary for competent person. Apply Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

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MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE social scientist, 31, experience industry, youth work, further education, public & social administration, some case-work experience, seeks post, available January, London area. Box 7374.

YOUNG married teacher (f.) wants change from teaching. Consider anything interesting in Bristol from mid-January to July. Mrs Aitkenhead, 8 Ravenswood Road, Redland, Bristol, 6.

INDIAN B. Com., m., 25, sks office employment. Patel, 8 Craven Hill Gdns, W2.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester, Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, Sociology, Economic and Social Statistics, etc., but equally fields such as the Organisation of Business, Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,150-£2,050 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £2,150-£2,550 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent, by 15 Jan. 1962, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding scope of the Fellowships.

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the USA, may be up to £2,000 (subject to income tax). Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer, (WA.14/5/3316/12a) County Hall, SE1, (s.a. f'envelope necessary) for return by 12 March 1962.

AWARD

E. C GREGORY TRUST FUND

A candidate for an Award must:

(a) be a British Subject by birth and ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom or Northern Ireland
(b) at the time of the Award be under 30 years of age
(c) submit for the consideration of the judges, a published or unpublished work of belles lettres, poetry or drama

The Award is made annually to encourage young writers. In addition to merit, candidates will be asked to show that they are likely to benefit from the opportunity offered by the Award to give more time to writing.

The Award will be made in March 1962. Manuscripts are to be sent to the Trustees E. C. Gregory, c/o Wade & Co., Lloyds Bank Chambers, Bradford, Yorkshire, by 31 December 1961 labelled on the envelope 'E. C. Gregory Trust Award'.

Though it is impossible to state the exact amount of the Award for any year, two Awards were made last year of a total of £700.

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HENDON Technical College offers a one year's full-time course in Personnel Management for graduates and others commencing September 1962. Apply to the Principal of the College, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4. (HENdon 6061).

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AUTHORS are invited to submit new plays for shop window production next year. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

GREECE – have you been there? Have you thought of collecting its beautiful stamps? Write for details Hellenic, 144 St Mary's Road, E10.

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PERSONAL—continued

DISCRIMINATING Employers find all their office staff through Stella Fisher Bureau in the Strand.

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GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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